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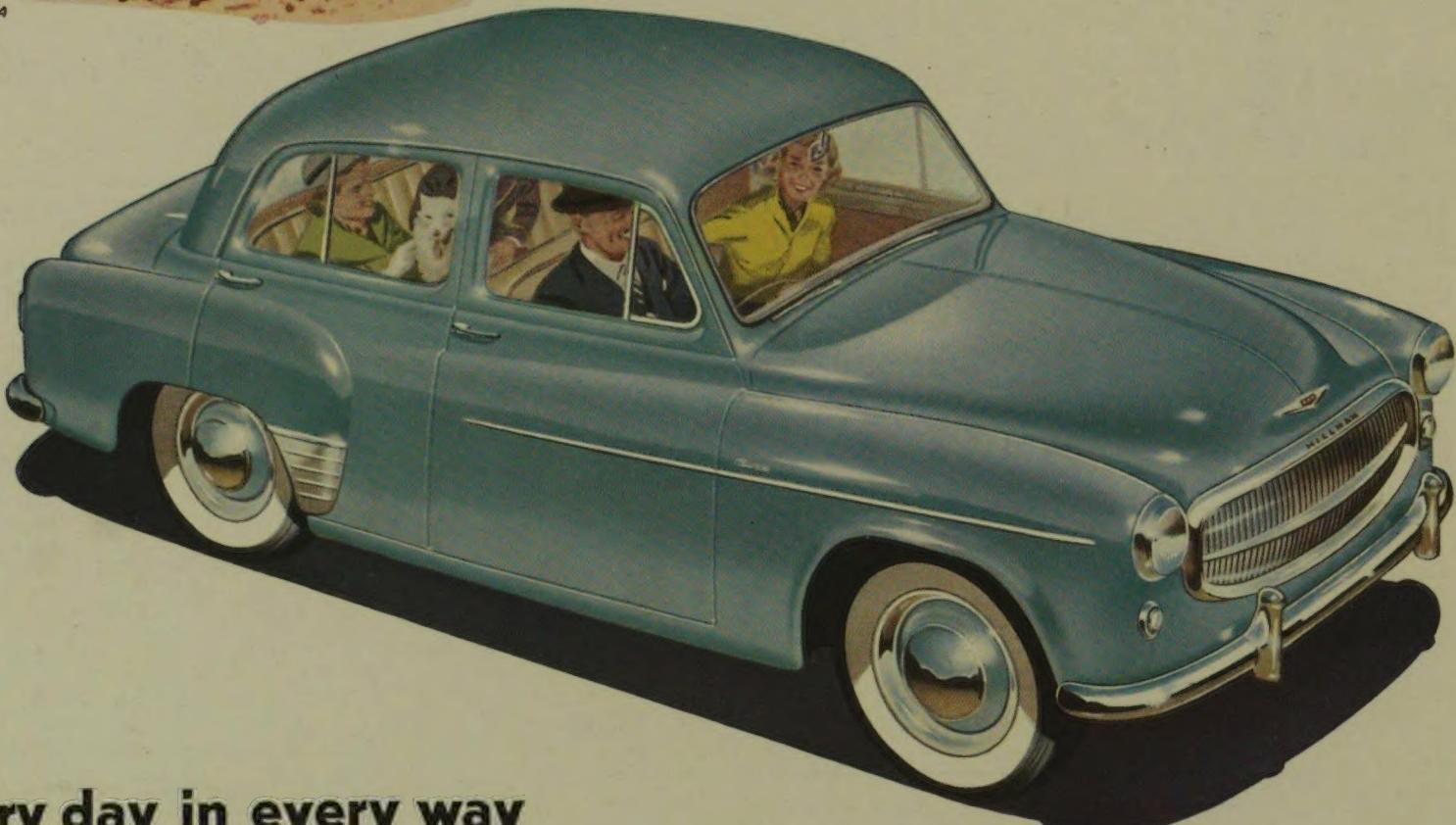
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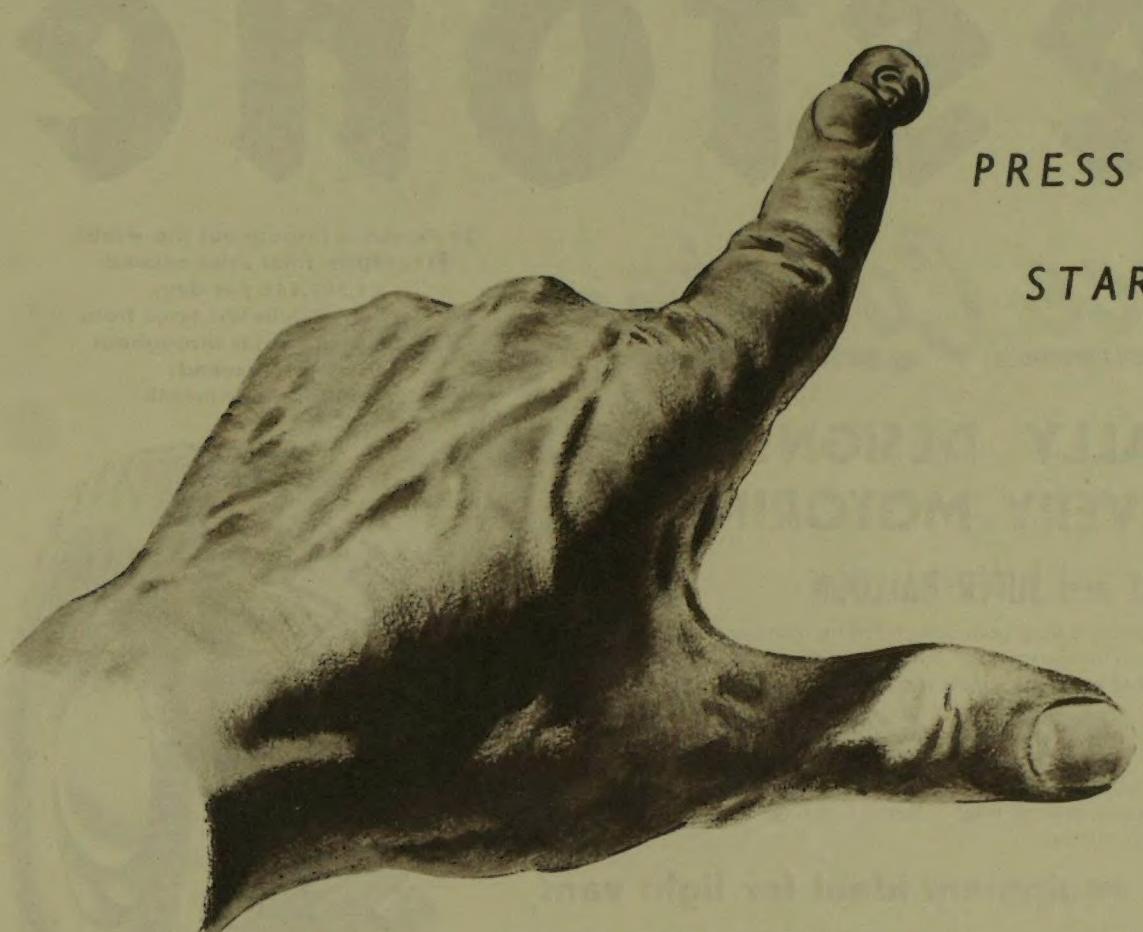
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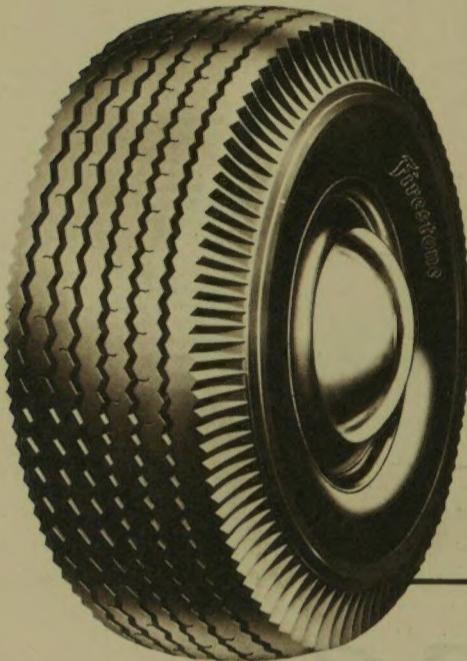
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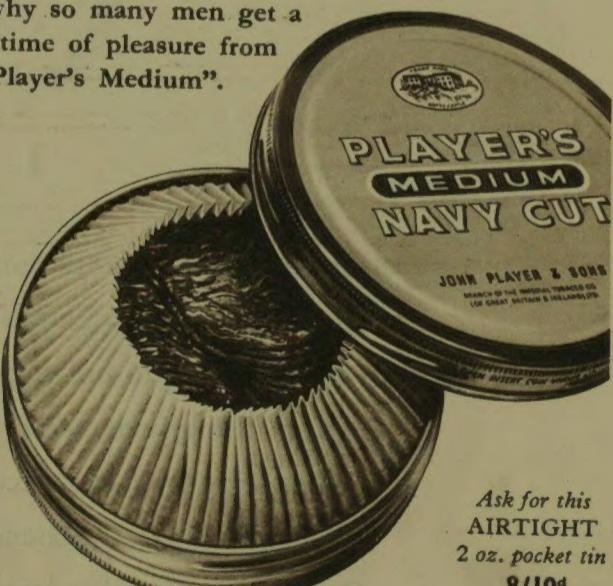
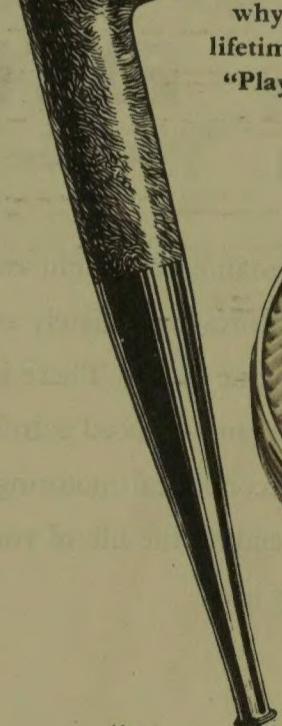
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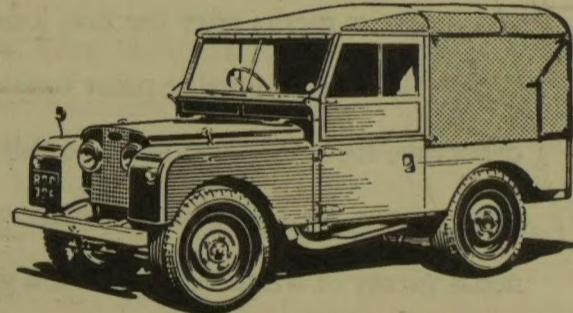
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IN THE NEWS

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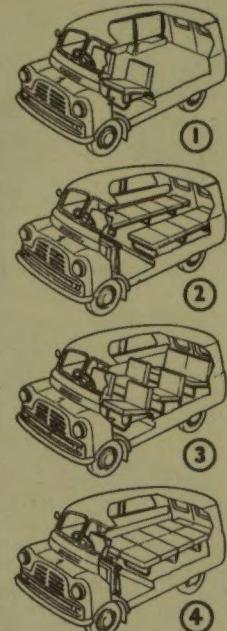
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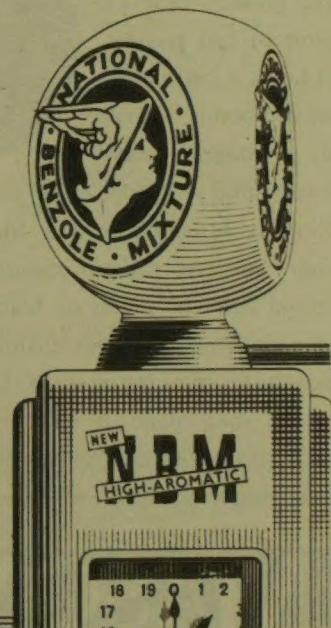
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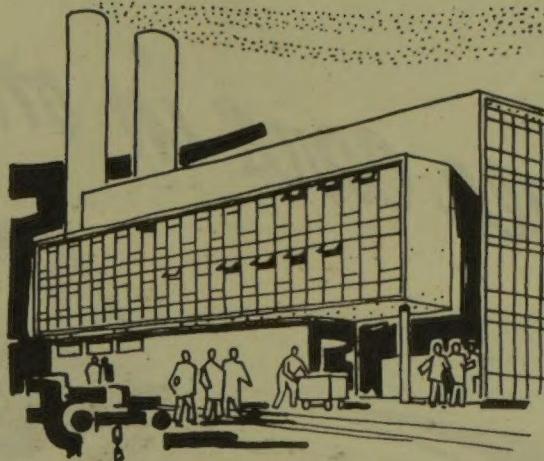
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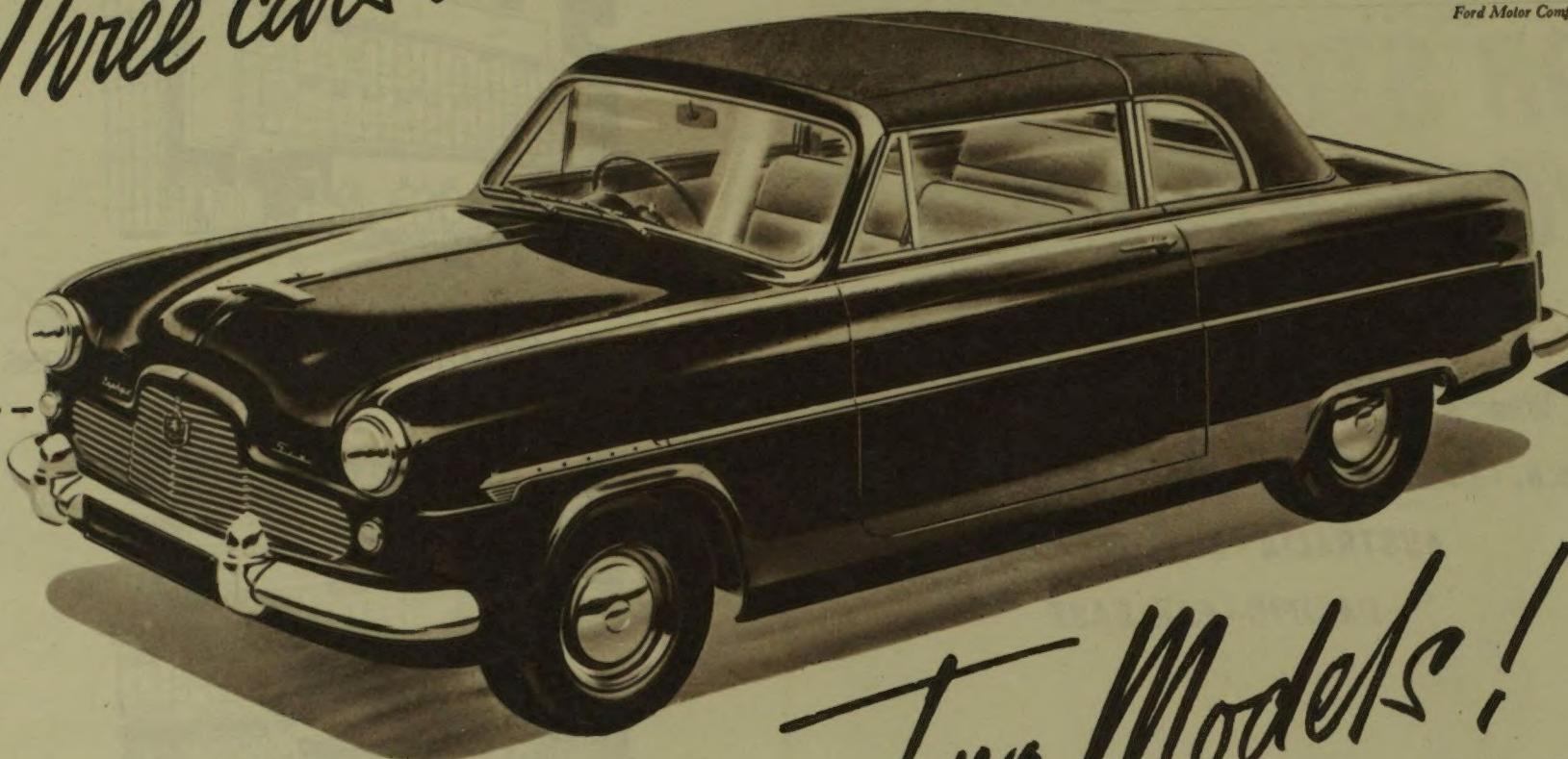
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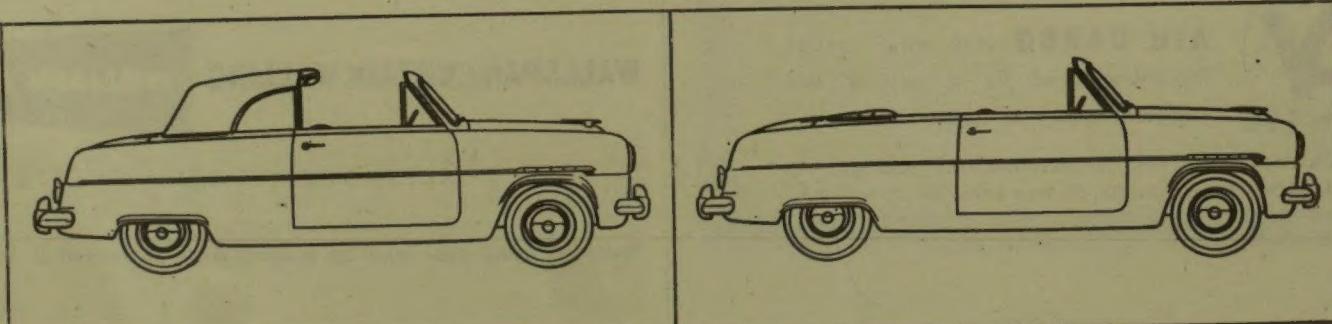
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON REVIEW

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SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1955.



THE LEADER OF THE FRENCH TAX-REFORM MOVEMENT: M. PIERRE POUJADE, THE STATIONER FROM SAINT CERE, IN SHIRTSLEEVES, HOLDING A PRESS CONFERENCE IN PARIS.

M. Pierre Poujade's Union for the Defence of Shopkeepers and Craftsmen, whose widespread activities have caused embarrassment to the French Government, has achieved the promise of some concessions as a result of the debate in the National Assembly on March 30. The Assembly then approved by 303 votes to 268 the Bill granting special powers to the Government to legislate by decree in

connection with tax reform and other economic and financial matters. M. Poujade is shown—in his shirtsleeves—holding a Press conference in Paris on March 21, at which he called for a general warning strike on March 28. There was a partial stoppage in some south and central regions of the country, but the strike did not materialise in Paris. Other photographs of M. Poujade appear elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SPEAKING to officers of his old Service at Malta the other day the Duke of Edinburgh stressed that, with the coming of the atomic weapon, the nature of war was changing so fast that a complete revolution was necessary in men's thoughts about it. Many people, indeed, hold the view that the invention of the Hydrogen Bomb and of self-propelled and automatically guided missiles has rendered war incompatible with human existence and so left mankind no alternative between the suicide of the whole species and the abolition of war. They may in this be right, but I find it hard to believe. The destructive power of the Hydrogen Bomb is probably no greater than that of the pestilences that within living memory still regularly swept Africa and large parts of Asia, and which only the expansion throughout the globe, in comparatively recent years, of Western medicine and hygiene have halted, with the paradoxical result that the world's population is now increasing at such a rate that a global famine—or, in default, a racial war of conquest to escape it—seems ultimately probable. In fact, I gravely doubt whether the coming of the atomic bomb, hydrogen or otherwise, has really changed the human situation at all. All it has changed has been the situation of Western civilization, which is threatened by it with extinction, as a great many other civilizations have been threatened with extinction before. As for the rest of the world, there would be nothing unprecedented if a third or a quarter of the population of some vast tract of territory in Africa, China or India suddenly perished. Until the time of the grandparents, or even, in some cases, the parents of the present generation such a mortality from pestilence or famine has been as regular a visitation in those parts of the world as the recurrence, say, of severe winters or fine summers in England. Any retired district officer from India or the Sudan, who has had to cope with an epidemic of bubonic plague or *relapsing fever* in a primitive rustic community will know what I mean. It is only the exceptional degree of artificial protection from natural calamity enjoyed during the past three centuries by the people of this sheltered island that makes us so unrealistic, by any ultimate historical standard, about the atomic bomb. In the long, chequered and cataclysmic history of hapless mankind, it is just one more of the manifold terrors that have confronted it. We may be able to control it, as during the last century or so, in our own part of the globe, we have succeeded in controlling plague, cholera and typhus. Or we may not; in which case we shall suffer as so many others have suffered.

But I suspect, unless human nature drastically changes—which it shows painfully little sign of doing—men and nations will still, on occasion, resort to violence. And I suspect that those who treat the science of war as academic will find that they are wrong. The weapons and technique of war may be changed, as the Duke of Edinburgh so rightly says, by the tremendous and terrible discoveries of our age, but war's fundamental and governing principles will remain the same. It will be decided, as in the past, by a combination of two factors—striking or firing power and mobility. Whoever combines with speed and movement a striking power equal to that of an opponent incapable of speed and movement will be the victor. That, as I see it, is the eternal rule of war.

At the beginning of the last war many in the West supposed that this rule no longer applied in the scientific and mechanical age in which they were living. Twenty years of intensive study of the mistakes of 1914–18 had convinced the French generals—the high priests of the military art between the two wars—that, in the face of modern artillery and automatic weapons, casualties could only be avoided by a scrupulous refusal to take any offensive risks at all. Most of them had served on the Staff in the first war, when France had lost more than a million-and-a-half lives, and when a fanatic belief in the virtues of the offensive had caused enormous casualties. As a result, the French military mind had reacted to the other extreme and enthroned the defensive as the secret of successful war. The only kind of attack acceptable to orthodox thought was one in which no movement was made without the most exact knowledge of the enemy's strength and dispositions, in which the attacker's preliminary bombardment was so annihilating and his objectives so limited that they could be attained almost without sacrifice, and in which every yard gained had to be most carefully consolidated. An army must go forward slowly and circumspectly or not at all. Above all, the will-of-the-wisp of a break-through must be shunned as a deadly heresy. Those who, like the young General de Gaulle, argued that tanks and highly

mechanised mobile groups of all arms could restore the power of the offensive, were regarded as dangerous cranks. A swift attack by armour might overwhelm a small nation without elaborate prepared defences. It could effect nothing against a powerful and well-equipped one. In a scientific age static fire-power was the sole lord of the battlefield, and the object of the strategist and tactician was to wear down the enemy's patience and induce him to lower his guard and himself attack. Not a lightning war or *blitzkrieg* was the French ideal, but a *sitzkrieg* or snail's war.

This obsession with the supremacy of static fire-power was common to all the European Staffs of the 'twenties and 'thirties. The German generals were almost as conscious as the French of the casualties of the 1914–18 offensives. But having been forbidden heavy artillery and fortified defences by the Peace Treaties, they had been driven to seeking substitutes for them. Encouraged by the reorganizer of the post-war *Reichswehr*, Von Seeckt, some of their younger officers were engaged in the 'twenties in experimenting with ways of using tank-groups and motorised support troops, first for mobile defence and later for attack. When major rearmament began under Hitler these experiments resulted

in the creation of armoured or *panzer* divisions in which fast tanks with mobile supporting-arms were grouped together, not for co-operation with infantry against fixed fronts, but for swift, independent action in a war of movement. These divisions played the leading part in the unopposed occupations of Austria and Czechoslovakia, and in the campaign against Poland.

Hitler's mind had also been conditioned by his experiences in the First World War. But it was obsessed by the fear, not of casualties—for he held even German life in small regard—but of a repetition of the positional or trench war of attrition that had proved so fatal for Imperial Germany. For the Western democracies, with their potential resources and hope of ultimate help from the New World and Russia, a static war spelt steadily growing strength. It was because Hitler saw that for Germany it spelt ultimate defeat that he turned to the military theories, not of the older, more conventional soldiers at the head of the *Reichswehr*, but of their more radical subordinates. Before any other European leader he had grasped the immensely increased importance of the air-weapon—a realisation on which all his astonishing successes between 1938 and 1940 were based. During the Polish campaign he became fully aware of the power of another and, this time, purely military weapon. Four days after the start of the offensive he stood amazed by the side of Guderian, the pioneer of the independent armoured divisions, surveying the smashed Polish batteries that had contested the crossing of the Vistula. "Our dive-bombers did that?", he asked, "No," replied Guderian, "our *panzers*."

For the *blitzkrieg* had succeeded. The completion of the Polish campaign in just under four weeks and the liquidation of an

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
OF APRIL 7, 1855.



"SHIP STRUCK BY A WHALE": A LETTER DESCRIBING THE ASTONISHING SINKING OF A SAILING-VESSEL THROUGH AN ATTACK BY A WHALE.

"(To the Editor of the Illustrated London News.)
I beg to send you a Sketch of an extraordinary occurrence; namely, the total loss of my vessel, the *Waterloo*, caused by being run down by a whale.

I sailed from Lynn on the 19th ult., being bound to Schiedam, with a cargo of barley. On the 21st, when about fifty miles from Lowestoft, a large whale was perceived to windward, coming down for the vessel, swimming at a fearfully rapid rate, partly out of the water. This was at ten a.m.

When about ten yards from the ship's side the whale dived, and struck a fearful blow with his head upon the vessel under water, abreast of the fore-rigging, on the port side. Immediately the vessel was perceived to heel and crack: while the whale plunged into the deep, head foremost, and raised his tail erect, nearly touching the foreyard, and then disappeared.

The pumps were fixed and worked, but by half-past twelve we found the ship had five feet water in the well, and was settling down fast. The long-boat was cleared, and lashings cut away, and nearly floated off the decks, when all hands (six in number) jumped into her. About twenty minutes after we had abandoned the vessel she capsized; and, after floating for about twenty minutes or more on her side, she disappeared head foremost.

At the time of the vessel's capsizing, there was a French fishing-boat about four miles to windward, which immediately came to our assistance, and took us all on board.

Evan Jones, late Master of the *Waterloo*, of Portmadoc."

army of 2,000,000 while the Western allies remained passive behind France's immensely strong frontier defences convinced Hitler of what his senior generals failed to see. Their deeply-rooted professional fear of the paralysing fire-power of the twentieth century blinded them to the lesson of the Polish campaign—obvious to Hitler and to younger officers like Guderian—that, by combining fire-power with rapid movement, a purely static fire-power could be overwhelmed and neutralised, and that aircraft and fast-moving armour acting together at last offered a means of doing so. Even the immensely powerful Maginot Line, though impregnable against frontal attack, could be outflanked by a mobile fire-power sufficiently swift and strong to overwhelm in open campaign any opposing fire-power of equal weight that lacked its mobility. For, so long as the French, whatever their numerical superiority in artillery and tanks, failed to make their superior fire-power mobile, the Belgian plain, as Hitler saw, offered as ideal a field for the *blitzkrieg* as the Polish. It was this realisation—paradoxically so much nearer the classical military tradition of Prussia than the attitude of his own staff-trained senior officers—that gave Hitler his dramatic victory in 1940. It was its realisation by the leaders of an all-but-defeated Britain, by Churchill and by the brilliant soldiers, airmen and sailors with whom the great War Minister surrounded himself and to whom he entrusted command, that laid the foundations of Hitler's defeat and prepared the way for the great air, sea and land offensive in the West that broke Germany's will and capacity to fight.

THE POUJADE ANTI-TAX CRUSADE: A MASS MEETING, AND THE LEADER.



THE STATIONER FROM SAINT CÉRÉ, WHOSE ANTI-TAX MOVEMENT HAS SWEEPED FRANCE : M. PIERRE POUJADE AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE, WHO ACTS AS HIS SECRETARY; AND CHILDREN; AND (INSET) SPEAKING.

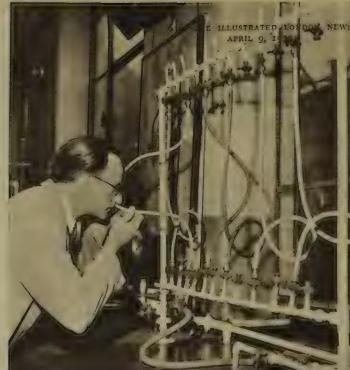
GREETED BY HIS CHILDREN, YVES, PATRICK, MAGGY-NOËLLE AND ALAIN, AGED RESPECTIVELY 10, 8, 6½ AND 5 YEARS : M. PIERRE POUJADE, THE FAMILY MAN.



AN INDICATION OF THE STRENGTH OF THE POUJADE UNION FOR THE DEFENCE OF SHOPKEEPERS AND CRAFTSMEN, FOUNDED IN 1953, AND NOW OVER A MILLION STRONG : A MASS MEETING ON FEBRUARY 14, AT THE VELODROME D'HIVER, PARIS.

M. Pierre Poujade, leader of the Union for the Defence of Shopkeepers and Craftsmen, which demands an alteration in the French methods of tax assessment and collection, is aged thirty-four. A stationer from Saint Céré (Lot), he is a sports enthusiast who in 1937 held the Auvergne championships for the long and high jumps, putting the weight, discus and javelin ; and he has a fine war record. The U.D.S.C., founded in 1953, rapidly gained 400,000 supporters, and now has over 1,000,000. As recorded on our front page, the National Assembly has voted for tax reform, which will result in a more lenient control system. It has been estimated that the "tax strike" instituted at the Paris rally of January 24 has

cost the Treasury some 2,000,000,000 francs (about £2,000,000 sterling). After the Assembly debate on March 18, M. Poujade declared that Deputies who had promised to vote for the immediate suppression of the law imposing penalties for tax resistance had gone back on their word. During this debate, when in a public gallery, he took off his coat and was accused by critics of disrespect to Parliament, but he has explained he was only putting on his waistcoat again. He addressed his Press Conference on March 21 in shirt-sleeves. The authorities are instituting judicial inquiries against the Poujade Movement for incitement to refusal to pay taxes. This crime carries a penalty of a heavy fine or two years' imprisonment.



FLEXIBLE TUBES USED IN GAS RESEARCH BEING EXHAUSTIVELY TESTED. THE ENGINEERING LABORATORY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE QUALITY OF THE GEAR USED THROUGHOUT THE RESEARCH STATION.



(ABOVE) TESTING A WALL VENTILATOR IN THE RESEARCH LABORATORY. AIR FLOW RAVES THROUGH IT FROM A WIND TUNNEL AS ITS CHARACTERISTICS ARE EXAMINED.



(ABOVE) ENSURING THAT WASHING-MACHINE SPRINGS ARE RESILIENT AND STRONG: IN THE FOREGROUND THE ENAMEL LINING OF A WASH-BOILER IS BEING TESTED FOR AGED RESISTANCE.



MEASURING THE TEMPERATURE OF A COOKER TAP-HANDLE TO MAKE SURE IT CAN BE COMFORTABLY HELD. HOME SAFETY IS PARAMOUNT.



TESTING HEAT DISTRIBUTION. EVERA HOUSEWIFE KNOWS THE IMPORTANCE OF AN EVEN DISTRIBUTION OF HEAT WHEN COOKING CAKES.

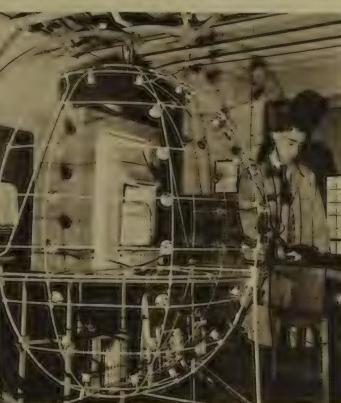
GAS problems of all kinds are dealt with daily in the gas laboratories of the Gas Council's Research Station at Fulham, where, apart from basic research, scientists work in co-operation with regional Gas Boards, with appliance manufacturers, and with consumer research organisations in their efforts to solve the difficulties of gas usage and abuseage both in industry and in the home. Every aspect of gas consumption is investigated, from the domestic cooker to the industrial gas-burner. Accident prevention is one of the main pre-occupations of the Council, and the most exhaustive tests are carried out on every item of gas-burning equipment; no domestic appliance is sold to the public without having been tested unless it is included in the Gas Council list of Tested and Approved.

(Continued opposite.)

COKING AND WASHING ARE DAILY TASKS IN THE COOKER LABORATORY, WHERE THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER PROBLEMS ARE THE MAIN CONCERN.



EXAMINING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A COKE FIRE BEFORE PERFORMANCE TESTS ARE STARTED. SUCH RESEARCHES HELP TO MINIMISE FUEL WASTE.



TESTING AN OLD PATTERN GAS FIRE. THE HEAT IS MEASURED BY INSTRUMENTS, ENABLING COMPARISON TO BE MADE WITH NEWER TYPES.



MEASURING THE TEMPERATURE OF A FIRE BY MEANS OF AN OPTICAL PYROMETER. ASBESTOS GLOVES AND A PROTECTIVE HEAD-COVERING ARE REQUIRED FOR THIS TASK.



CHECKING THE RATE OF GAS CONSUMPTION OF A LARGE GAS-BURNER. RESEARCH INTO INDUSTRIAL EQUIPMENT IS PART OF THE WORK OF GAS COUNCIL EXPERTS.



APPRAISING THE WASH: NOT ONLY MUST CLOTHES BE REALLY CLEANED BY EFFICIENT AGITATION, BUT THE MECHANISM MUST NOT TEAR OR WEAR DELICATE FABRICS.



LAYING A FLAMMABLE STRIP ON A FIRE-GUARD TO DISCOVER WHEN SHOULDERING BEGINS. EXPERTS HOPE TO OBLIVIATE DOMESTIC ACCIDENTS BY EFFICIENT GUARDS.

GAS TECHNIQUES BROUGHT UP TO DATE: SCIENTISTS OF THE GAS COUNCIL RESEARCH STATION

EXAMINING THE EVERYDAY PROBLEMS OF DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL GAS USAGE AND ABUSAGE.



A NEW ASPECT OF FLEET STREET DURING THE NEWSPAPER STRIKE : THE QUEUE OUTSIDE THE LONDON OFFICE OF THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. ALTHOUGH PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS ARE PLEDGED NOT TO INCREASE THEIR PRINT ORDER, ALL AVAILABLE COPIES WERE SNAPPED UP AT SIGHT DURING THE STRIKE.



IN THE NEWS ROOM OF A LONDON EVENING PAPER. THROUGHOUT THE FIRST STAGES OF THE STOPPAGE PAPERS WERE PRODUCED IN FULL, THOUGH NOT PRINTED.



IN THE OFFICES OF ONE OF SEVERAL GROUPS PRODUCING DUPLICATED NEWS-SHEETS OF RACING RESULTS AND NEWS TO MEET THE NEED OF NEWS-HUNGRY LONDON.



THE "STILL UNRAVISHED" NEWSPRINT OF A LONDON PAPER, DURING THE STRIKE. IT WAS THOUGHT THE COMPULSORY SAVING WOULD LEAD TO TEMPORARILY LARGER PAPERS.

LONDON'S LONGEST NEWSPAPER STOPPAGE : SOME ASPECTS OF THE STRIKE OF ELECTRICIANS AND MAINTENANCE ENGINEERS.

The London newspaper strike began at 8 a.m. on March 25, when members of the Electrical Trades Union and Amalgamated Engineering Union engaged in the printing of the London daily, evening and Sunday newspapers (about 700 men in all) withdrew their labour. The strike was described as an unofficial one, in as much as only five days' notice was given, a previous "constitutional" fourteen days' notice having been withdrawn. As a result, it was impossible to print London daily, evening and Sunday newspapers. All these papers; however, since the huge majority of their workers were not on strike, were written, made-up and produced—but not printed; but were ready for printing should the strike come to an end at short notice. On the evening of March 29, employees (entitled to a



BACK TO THE "WALL NEWSPAPER": FLEET STREET PASSERS-BY STUDYING THE PAGES OF THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN IN THE WINDOW OF THE PAPER'S LONDON OFFICE.

fortnight's notice or less) in the London and Manchester offices in membership of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association were given notice terminating their engagements from Friday, April 15—since even the richest newspaper can not live without some revenue. Representatives of the N.P.A. and the two striking unions were called to a meeting at the Ministry of Labour on April 1, but at the time of writing an end of the stoppage was not in sight. Aspects of the strike in London—from the public's point of view—included a run on the available copies of provincial dailies, on the political and literary weeklies, and on such duplicated news-sheets (mainly of racing results and runners) as appeared on the streets from several sources. On March 30, the B.B.C. lengthened its news programmes.

ALTERATIONS, REPAIRS AND NEW BUILDINGS, AND AN UNECONOMIC RAILWAY.



BRITAIN'S NEWEST OIL REFINERY, WHICH THE QUEEN ARRANGED TO VISIT ON APRIL 5:
THE KENT OIL REFINERY ON THE ISLE OF GRAIN.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arranged to visit the £40,000,000 Kent Oil Refinery on the Isle of Grain on April 5. This view of the refinery, which is owned and operated by the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., shows the distillation unit, which is the largest in Europe.



ENCASED IN A NETWORK OF SCAFFOLDING: THE WEST FRONT OF YORK MINSTER, WHICH IS UNDERGOING A LONG AND COSTLY RENOVATION.

On September 11, 1952, a beginning was made on the restoration of the two pinnacled west towers of York Minster. To-day, the West Front is encased in scaffolding, as can be seen in this photograph. In 1952 it was estimated that the work would take eight men eight years to complete.



TO BE FINISHED IN TIME FOR THE ROYAL MEETING IN JUNE: THE ALTERATIONS TO ASCOT RACECOURSE SEEN FROM THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE STAND.

The alterations to the racecourse at Ascot, which include the reconstruction of the Royal Enclosure, which is being almost doubled in size, are well under way and will be finished in good time for the Royal Meeting, which will take place on June 14, 15, 16 and 17.



"DEFEATED BY TIME AND ECONOMICS": THE LIVERPOOL OVERHEAD RAILWAY, WHICH IS CONSIDERED "NOT ESSENTIAL" AND ITS CLOSURE HAS BEEN PROPOSED.

At the annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Liverpool Overhead Railway Company on March 30, it was approved that a private Bill for the closing of the railway should be presented in Parliament. For sixty-two years the railway has taken dockers to work and offered sightseers a thirteen-mile trip over the docks.



WHERE WORK HAS NOW STARTED: A VIEW OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NAVE OF THE NEW GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL. THE ARCHITECT IS SIR EDWARD MAUDE, R.A.

Following the success of appeals for £175,000, work has now begun on the nave of Guildford Cathedral. A great pilgrimage to the Cathedral has been arranged for April 17, to mark the beginning of the building of the nave, and Princess Margaret has promised to be present.

ADVENTURE IN THE WILDS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"PYGMIES AND DREAM GIANTS"; By KILTON STEWART.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BOOKS in English about exploration in the Philippines are, I think, few: at any rate, few have come my way. It isn't that temptation to explore is lacking, especially to anthropologists, to whom the islands offer a variety of races in all sorts of stages of cultural development. Possibly the troubled political history of the group, added to the difficulty of the country in the larger islands, has been a deterrent. Possibly the Spaniards, during the centuries of their occupation, not merely left the enduring marks at

was born in Salt Lake City in 1902, served the customary Mormon tour as a missionary (in Eastern Canada), and graduated with an M.A. in Psychology from the University of Utah and a Ph.D. in Anthropology from the University of London. He has worked among the Ainu, Formosan head-hunters, Bajao (sea gypsies) of Borneo, Malaya and the Philippines, and many others from New Guinea to Persia, from Nepal to the Amazon basin." Theoretically, the object of his expedition was, in the words of Miss Margaret Mead, a "search for laws of psychotherapy among three primitive peoples in the wilds of the Philippines." The "dream-giants" are connected with this solemn dedication: but, to be honest, Dr. Stewart, when he gets going, does not bother those of us who are tired of the "psyche" very much. His bearded picture, on the back of the wrapper, is that of a man who, after being a Royal Marine Commando, has reacted against discipline and "Blues" and determined to find release in Chelsea and the Boul' Mich'. The result is an "adventure-story." Had the book been other than that, he would have given us footnotes telling us about anthropologists who, before him, visited the tribes with whom he sojourned: earlier psychotherapists there can hardly have been, for that species had not been invented before his time. The book is (whatever it may have meant to have been) a "straight" adventure-story with scientific trimmings;

and I reluctantly confess that I enjoyed it. It brought me back to the pioneering and the wonders of my youth: to "Omoo," "Typee," "Robinson Crusoe" and "Masterman Ready": at every stage Dr. Stewart traversed new jungles, encountered new peoples, and conquered new difficulties.



AFFORDING A VIEW OF ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S MOST CELEBRATED SCENIC ATTRACTIONS: THE NEW GOVERNMENT HOTEL AT MILFORD SOUND, IN SOUTH ISLAND, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A HEIGHT LOOKING ACROSS AT MITRE PEAK, THE LION AND PEMBROKE PEAK.

Guests at the recently completed new Government hotel at Milford Sound can see from their windows one of the grandest of the many fine views on the south-western coastline of New Zealand's South Island. Fire destroyed a large part of the old hotel some years ago, but £300,000 has been spent on the new wing in which each bedroom has a plate-glass window across the entire width of the room and reaching almost from floor to ceiling. It is expected that the hotel will be open each year from November to May. At the end of the Royal Tour of New Zealand the S.S. Gothic, with H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board, made a special call at Milford Sound.

Manila which they left wherever they went, but sent missions into the remoter recesses of Luzon, which seem to have left little trace behind them. Nearly sixty years ago the battle of Manila Bay handed the Philippines over to the U.S.A., which never professed to be anything but temporary occupiers preparing the natives for independence; and the pagans of the interior, unconcerned with the politics of the metropolis, probably meant little to them, who had always sufficient turbulence on their hands amongst the urbanised and semi-Spanish. Then came the Japanese occupation. That certainly was no time for explorers. I doubt if the Japanese themselves ventured very far beyond their coastal lines. The Philippines were to them a square on the military chessboard. Had they won their section of the war the islands would doubtless have become part of what, when they were engaged on the "China incident," they called (what an age this is for euphemisms, like "purge" and "nationalisation" for murder and theft!) their "co-prosperity sphere"; just as the Ukraine would have been within Hitler's, and as Poland, Hungary and Eastern Germany are (*pro tem.*, beyond a doubt) within Russia's. But, when they were there, with the issue undecided, it would have been a lucky Japanese patrol which could have gone far afield without being knifed or arrowed in the forests and ravines. Since then? Well, there is a Philippine Republic—possibly with Ambassadors everywhere, now that the smallest Powers decline to be contented with representation by mere Ministers, let alone Consuls-General—still under the protecting shadow of the American Eagle's wings—and we hear, our attention being so fully engaged by Hydrogen Bombs and Sporting Events, very little about what is going on there.

Meanwhile, Dr. Kilton Stewart has been there, and come back with a report. He is an unusual sort of reporter, so I had better reprint his brief biography as given by the publisher: "Kilton Stewart



RECENTLY INSTALLED IN THE INDIAN GALLERY AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: A DIORAMA OF THE BUDDHIST SHRINE AT BUDH GAYA, BY MR. R. T. ROUSSEL.

A diorama of the Buddhist shrine at Budh Gaya has recently been installed at the Imperial Institute. It measures 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6 ins., and is set in a surrounding case of Indian laurel-wood. The diorama, a very distinguished piece of work by Mr. R. T. Roussel, is the joint gift of Mr. L. G. S. Lall of Gaya, Mr. G. D. Birla of Calcutta, and of the Government of India. The diorama shows a saffron-robed monk standing before the shrine under the sacred Bo tree. Behind is the Temple of Budh Gaya itself, built during the sixth century B.C. From the boughs of the sacred tree hang the faded and tattered horoscopes of those seeking good fortune.

We open thus:

The Abra River, which I had seen as a brook at its source, was now a raging flood that poured from the Philippine jungle, turned at the base of a giant granite crag, and roared through a deep gorge past the little village of Bokai.

The granite cliff was the first thing I had noticed as I approached the village from upstream. I wondered how the mountains and the river country through which I had passed would look from its peak. It would be a difficult climb in this rainy season, but since I could remain at Bokai only two more days, I persuaded the two sons of the house where I was staying to arrange for an expedition along with some of the village boys.

In order to arrive at the river's brink by sunrise, we started at midnight, using torches of pitch-pine to light our way. The thunderous vibration from the gorge filled the air and shook the earth underfoot. Behind a rhythmic, surflike booming, came the roar of a Niagara.

That is a lively opening, and nothing whatever to do with "psychotherapy," dream-giants, Freud or Jung. Dawn came:

At first only the foam on the crest of the waves glinted red against the shadows. Then, as the red tips of spray grew pink, the whole river turned scarlet. This was not the birth of a day; someone had slit the jugular vein of night.

A little melodramatic, perhaps; but so are the tropics. This sets the tone: Dr. Stewart then describes the motive and inception of his journey, and sets out on his travels, unarmed and carrying little but some articles for barter.

His main object was to reach and study the Negritos, primitive pygmies akin to certain tribes elsewhere in Asia and Africa. They have no agriculture, do not use domesticated animals for food, merely hunt and gather: if they objected to anyone, or he had anything they wanted, "they would kill him as readily as they would a monkey or a bird." But there were other communities besides those in "the racial infancy of human culture": the Ilongots, for instance, who have a shifting dry-land agriculture, are terrible head-hunters, and have not yet been reached by American or Filipino law, and the Bontocs, who have both agriculture and animal husbandry, weave and make pots, but are also head-hunters. His course was mapped out for him by a local authority, who cheerfully ended by saying: "Such a journey should bring you back to Manila with the answers you want, if you come back at all."

His first introduction to the pygmies came from Juan, a half-Negrito, 5 ft. tall, who spoke good English.

"Guns and women," said Juan, continuing the grim theme, "are the things the Negritos are most likely to kill you for. To get hold of a gun and some ammunition, they would risk their lives any time and kill anyone outside their local group. If a man falls in love with your woman, even a man of your own group, one of your blood kin, he may commit adultery with her. If you find out about it, you have got to kill him even if you don't want to, because Toladian, the Negrito high god who lives inside the earth, doesn't like adultery. If he gets mad, he may destroy everybody. The earthworms are his messengers. That is why you must never sneer at them, and why you must always thank them for allowing you to put them on your hook when you fish with them. If Toladian gets angry, he turns the earth over so the trees are upside down."

Eager to enlarge his acquaintance with local theology, zoology and ethics, Dr. Stewart asked: "Do the earthworms always tell Toladian if the Negritos commit adultery?"—"No, not always," was the reply, "sometimes the monkeys tell things to Toladian"—as a reprisal for the Negritos eating monkeys.

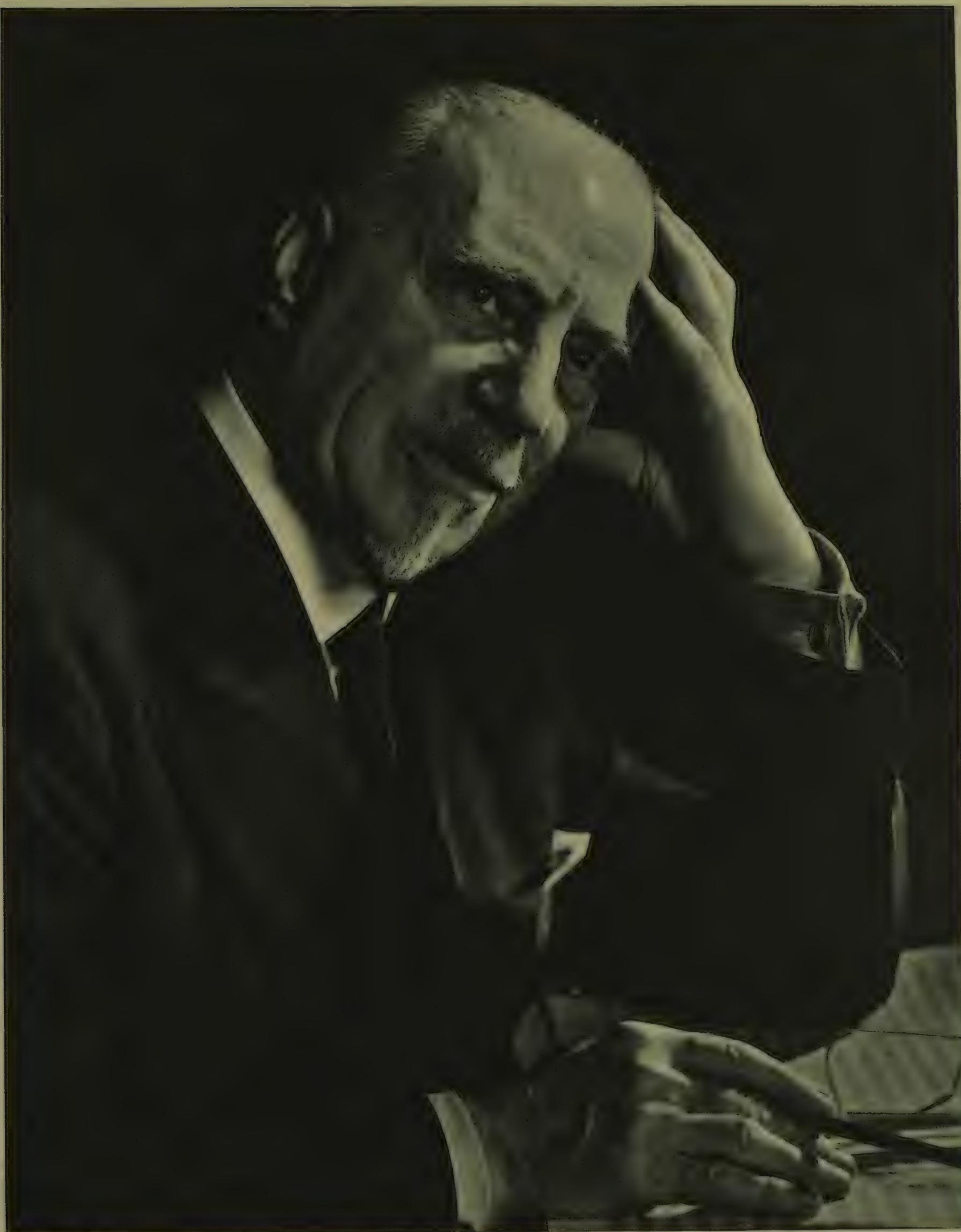
A few hours after this conversation, Dr. Stewart encountered his first nomad pygmies. They were smoking bees out of a tree-trunk and taking the combs. They belonged to Juan's mother's band and were friendly. Given cigarettes, they all smoked them with the lighted end in the mouth—a sound custom at night, as no glow could be seen by an enemy. Dr. Stewart tried it and coughed violently: "The Negritos rolled upon the ground with laughter." Many of his later adventures were no laughing matter. The reader may be assured that they won't bore him.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 668 of this issue.



DR. KILTON STEWART, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.
Dr. Kilton Stewart was born in Salt Lake City in 1902. He has worked among and studied many tribes but this is his first book for the general reader.

N.B.—The photographs of the Milford Sound Hotel and the diorama have no connection with the book which is reviewed on this page.



ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES OF OUR TIME: SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, BART., CONDUCTOR, COMPOSER AND OPERATIC IMPRESARIO, WHO IS DUE TO RETURN FROM THE UNITED STATES THIS MONTH.

The outstanding personality of Sir Thomas Beecham, combined with his enormous gifts as a musician and his brilliant and, at times, biting wit, render him a unique figure. Born in 1879, he made his London début conducting at the Bechstein (now Wigmore) Hall in 1906, and in 1907 founded the New Symphony Orchestra. His first venture in opera was in 1909 with "The Wreckers," at His Majesty's; and in 1910 he was at Covent Garden. He introduced the music of Delius to this country, brought the Russian Ballet to London in 1911, and has produced many operas and orchestral works which would not otherwise have been heard here. During World War I, he maintained operatic performances under great difficulties; and his first great Delius Festival of 1929 was a musical milestone which resulted

in his accepting the conductorship of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra for a while. In 1932 he founded the London Philharmonic Orchestra, which became famous; and after the war, in 1946, he formed another orchestra of his own, the Royal Philharmonic. Sir Thomas, who is considered by many authorities to be the greatest living exponent of Mozart, Haydn, Wagner, Strauss, Berlioz, Delius, and possibly Sibelius, held his most recent London concert at the Royal Festival Hall on February 23. He then went, as the result of an urgent call for help, to conduct the Houston Symphony Orchestra in a series of concerts at Houston, Texas, where he had appeared in 1949. He is expected back this month and is due to conduct at the Royal Festival Hall on April 23.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

THROUGHOUT the last twelve months there can have been no subject which has taken a more prominent place on this page than the development of thermo-nuclear weapons. It is an obviously repellent subject in itself. In other respects it is unsatisfactory because conclusive judgments on it are so difficult to reach. To take a single instance, if we advocate a ban on such weapons and assume that it is possible, we run up against the deduction that the West would lose its only hope of survival in war against the conventionally-armed hordes of Communism. In some of the excited discussion recently heard this factor has been disregarded, but no sober and responsible commentator can afford to omit it. What is he to make of it if he retains it? In most cases he reluctantly concludes that, without general disarmament, a ban is impossible and would be an act of political suicide, as matters stand now. So he is apt to talk round a circle.

Yet there is one feature of the thermo-nuclear problem which is less indeterminate and simpler in itself. Its solution would not remove the peril overhanging the world from the use of these weapons in war, but it would remove a danger which might conceivably grow until it reached a similar height. I refer to the testing of the bombs. One approaches the question with more optimistic feelings, because it does seem that here good and even rapid results might be attained by international action, even taking into account the difficulties which beset all negotiations between the opposed camps to-day. Regular readers may remember my frequent references to the injuries suffered by Japanese fishermen in the *Fukuryu Maru* from the explosion of the test bomb at Bikini on March 1 of last year. It was this incident which brought the danger home to the world, and the information which has become available since, though much of it has been conflicting, is, in general, calculated to increase rather than lower feelings of apprehension. A moderate and sensible comment, involving a strong appeal and a practical proposal on this subject, has come from the United States.

It is a report by the Federation of American Scientists, which has been addressed to the office of the United Nations Political and Security Affairs of the State Department, and to Mr. Lodge, who is the United States representative at the United Nations. It proposes the setting-up of a commission of the United Nations to consider the potential dangers of thermo-nuclear bomb tests, on the ground that their effects cannot be confined within national boundaries and threaten the lives and health of people outside them. The commission would (i) study radioactive contamination and obtain scientific data about it, (ii) obtain and evaluate scientific views on the biological and genetic effects of radiation on human beings, and (iii) report the results of its studies to the General Assembly of the United Nations, with recommendations on the subject of future precautions.

The document then turns to the Bikini test already mentioned and the reactions of foreign opinion, notably in Asia. It recalls the report of the Atomic Energy Commission in February last that on this occasion an area of 7000 square miles was contaminated by the "fall-out," which was oval in shape, up to 220 miles long in the direction of the prevailing wind, and up to 40 miles wide. It praised the work

of the Atomic Energy Commission in measuring information, work which will provide a basis for various forms of action, including that of civil defence. It expresses confidence that the Commission has gained experience which would improve precautions in the event of further tests. This is an example of the sensible attitude of the report. Its eventual aim is the cessation of tests, but it does not despise consideration of precautions to render them less dangerous.

These American scientists are very much alive to the effect of the tests on world opinion. They point to the emotion caused in Japan by the *Fukuryu Maru* incident—it was, in fact, even stronger on the occasion of the death of the worst-injured fisherman several months later—and to the welcome given to Mr. Nehru's proposal that tests should be banned altogether. They consider it probable that a proposal for such action will be made to the United Nations by one of the States which are either neutral or which do not possess these weapons or the means of procuring them. They assert, I feel with good reason, that it would not be enough for the United States to accept

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE DANGERS OF THERMO-NUCLEAR TESTS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

a proposal on these lines; the effect would be far greater if the proposal were to come from the United States itself. It is the country which has had to bear the brunt of the criticism. "We stand convicted in the eyes of many people of an attitude of callous disregard for the health and safety of the people of other nations."

The scientists also explain, in support of their plea for an enquiry, that there are two schools of thought on the subject of the risks involved. The spokesmen of the Atomic Energy Commission have said that the dangers of harmful genetic effects are so far very small. One summing-up was to the effect that the total of radiation exposure due to all atomic and thermo-nuclear

tests, let us say on the present scale, can be shown to be subject to no danger greater than that which overtook the *Fukuryu Maru*, the odds against which must have been hundreds to one, there would be less objection to their continuance—provided they were really necessary. This, I confess, I am led to doubt. Being, as I have said, no expert in physics, but having devoted a great deal of attention to

military affairs, I have for a twelve-month or more felt unable to see much value in further tests of these gigantic weapons. My reason is that they seem to have reached a scale which is, looked at in the most cold-blooded way, already almost excessive for the needs of warfare. What more can be wanted?

I do agree, however, with the Federation of American Scientists that the first problem which should be put before the Commission, which they propose, should be to determine, after study of the large amount of information available, whether what they call "a danger threshold" could be established. And on the face of it there seems no reason to suppose that this would prove impossible. They believe that Russian

leaders are likely to feel as much concern for the health of their people as any others. They go on to argue that, if Russia refused at the start to co-operate and it therefore became necessary to establish the Commission from other nations, the Russians would be forced by world opinion to accept any conclusion reached about a "danger threshold." Perhaps they are over-optimistic here, but the Russians would find it less difficult to accept a standard of this kind than disarmament, so, if it is worth while trying for the latter, it must be better worth while trying for the former.

The scientists make certain practical proposals on the assumption that the Commission found that there was, in fact, a finite "danger threshold," or that certain types or sizes of bomb tests had international implications. Some are obvious: the limitation of the number of tests permitted in a year and the specification of safety precautions for tests of a magnitude considered high enough to make such precautions necessary. A more novel suggestion is that of setting up a continuous monitoring service to detect bomb tests anywhere in the world and to report them at once to the appropriate agency of the United Nations. The statement ends by acknowledging that all this would be only a short step towards general supervision by the United Nations, but claims that it would be a useful step which might lead to another.

I feel sure that many people will not agree and will feel impatience at a project which they will regard as one for mere tinkering with a problem of immense and vital magnitude. Nor am I altogether convinced that matters would go as smoothly as the authors of the plan seem to think. Yet I do not see why a half-measure—call it only a quarter-measure, if you will—should be condemned at a moment when the prospects of dealing radically with the danger are so obscure, and so many efforts to this end have already failed. We should have to expect the usual smoke-screens of propaganda, but no attempts to save the world from the peril in which it stands are free from them. In any case, this does not prevent or take the place of progress towards disarmament, which, at the time of writing, looks unpromising and appears to have been prejudiced by Russian failure to keep an agreement that the work

should be done in private. For these reasons I am generally inclined to favour the proposals which have been advanced by the Federation of American Scientists.

I do not pretend to be well acquainted with the status or the antecedents of the Federation, but no trace of political feeling can be discerned in its proposals or their treatment. It would seem a reasonable hope that the projected road is not just another of the blind alleys into which mankind and its rulers have strayed in their search for salvation. Broadly speaking, any successful effort to lessen the danger is not only to be welcomed for itself but can be taken to represent an easing of tension. People say either that time is on our side or that it is on the other; but I am convinced that time is, in a sense, on everyone's side, on the world's side, because it is impossible not to believe that the more time there is for reflection the less will be the peril of war. Progress on the lines suggested would at least accustom minds in the rival camps to the idea of moderation and restraint, and that in itself might lead to the winning of time. We are not so lucky that we can afford to despise crumbs of comfort.



DONOR OF HIS IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS TO THE CITY OF YORK ART GALLERY: MR. F. D. LYCETT GREEN.

Mr. F. D. Lycett Green has generously presented his important collection of paintings by Old Masters, formed during the course of some twenty years, to the City of York Art Gallery. The collection, which consists of some 130 works, ranges over a wide field. It includes particularly interesting Italian Primitives of the fourteenth century, and examples of Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish and English Masters, and, indeed, presents aspects of the development of art and thought from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries in Europe. It will be recalled that in our issue of March 12 we illustrated some of these interesting pictures which, it was then stated, would be placed on loan in the City of York Art Gallery. Mr. Lycett Green has since announced that he is most generously presenting the collection to the Gallery. Our photograph shows him posed beneath the "Portrait of a Young Girl" by Cornelis de Vos, one of the fine works in the collection. It was on view at Burlington House in the Dutch Exhibition two years ago.

tests up to date is, "on the average, no more than one chest X-ray would produce." Other scientists, on the contrary, have gone so far as to predict permanent retrogression of the race. They say, too, that we are now approaching the threshold beyond which any further radio-active contamination of the atmosphere may be a threat to the inherited characteristics of mankind. The scientists do not seek to judge between these widely divergent views—it is largely so that this should be done thoroughly and conclusively that they call for international study of the problem. But they do a little later commit themselves to the view that accelerated H-bomb tests by several "atomic nations" would, in the end, amount to a grave threat to the safety "of all people of the world."

It is only in this sentence that they can be said to prejudge the verdict. And even here they qualify their statement by saying that evidence of the extent of the danger is still insufficient. It should be obtained by the experts. This reasoning appears, to one who is far from being an expert, reasonable and sensible. If



THE NEW NERVE-CENTRE OF LONDON AIRPORT: THE CONTROL BUILDING WITH THE 1224-FT-HIGH CONTROL TOWER, WHICH WAS TO COME INTO USE ON APRIL 3. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, THE SOUTH-EAST FACE PASSENGER BUILDING, WHICH WILL BE BROUGHT INTO USE ON APRIL 17. [Photograph by British European Airways.]



IN THE NEW LONDON AIRPORT CONTROL ROOM IN THE CIRCULAR PENTHOUSE, ON THE TOP OF THE NEW CONTROL TOWER, WHICH COMMANDS AN ALL-ROUND VIEW OF THE RUNWAY SYSTEM.

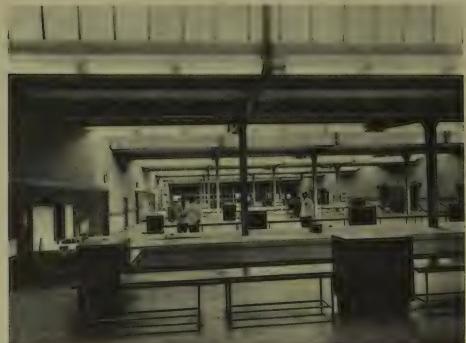


IN LONDON AIRPORT'S NEW CONTROL TOWER: OPERATORS AT WORK IN FRONT OF TWO RADAR SCREENS WHICH SHOW AIRCRAFT CONVERGING ON THE TWO APPROACH AREAS AT WATFORD AND EPSOM.

DUE TO COME INTO OPERATION ON APRIL 3: THE NEW CONTROL TOWER, THE NERVE-CENTRE OF LONDON AIRPORT.

The new buildings at London Airport are to have their inauguration ceremony on December 16 this year, when they will be visited by H.M. the Queen. Some of the buildings of the central terminal area, all of which have been designed by Mr. Frederick Gibberd, F.R.I.B.A., are coming into use before this date—notably the Control Building and the South-East Face Passenger Building. On this page we show a photograph, taken from a helicopter, of this new Control Building (which was scheduled to come into use at midnight, April 3-4) with, lying behind it, the unfinished Eastern Apex Building, and, in the right background, the almost complete South-East Face Passenger Building. The Control Building is T-shaped, with the Control Tower rising 122½ ft. from the junction of the T. The Tower

is in the form of two intersecting trapeziums; and the varying planes and angles of the walls are intended to minimise the interference which large, flat surfaces are likely to cause to radio approach and landing aids. On the top of the tower is a circular penthouse (with a partly-glazed roof to improve the view upwards), and this is the aerodrome control room. The approach control room lies below this and is cantilevered out beyond the face of the tower on the far side—and, indeed, is better seen in the photograph on the next page. The control tower is to contain the only completely crystal-controlled airfield radar of its type in the world and one which can work at full efficiency through all conditions of rain and cloud. It was designed and manufactured by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. Ltd.



THE CUSTOMS HALL ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE NEW SOUTH-EAST FACE PASSENGER BUILDING. IN FRONT OF THE THREE FIGURES IS THE CONVEYOR-BELT FOR LUGGAGE.



THE AIRSIDE GALLERY, WHICH RUNS THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE SOUTH-EAST FACE, AT THE FIRST FLOOR. THE AIRCRAFT STANDS ARE TO THE RIGHT, WAITING-ROOMS LEFT.



THE BUFFET LOUNGE, ON THE FIRST FLOOR, FOR TRANSIT PASSENGERS ONLY, WHO DO NOT PASS THROUGH THE CUSTOMS. SUCH PASSENGERS ARE IN THE MINORITY.



THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE, ON THE SECOND FLOOR. THIS OPENS ON TO THE RESTAURANT, ADJOINS THE ROOF-GARDEN AND IS NOT FAR FROM THE BEER-GARDEN.



THE ROOF-GARDEN AND "WAVING BASE" FOR FRIENDS OF PASSENGERS, AND SPECTATORS. PASSENGERS' FOOTBRIDGES CAN BE SEEN AND (EXTREME RIGHT) THE APRON CONTROL.



A HELICOPTER-EYE VIEW OF THE SOUTH-EAST FACE PASSENGER BUILDING AT LONDON. BACKGROUND IS THE NEW CONTROL TOWER; AND, RIGHT FOREGROUND, BRIDGES LEAD



AIRPORT, WHICH IS DUE TO COME INTO USE AT MIDNIGHT, APRIL 16/17. IN THE RIGHT TO THE UNFINISHED EASTERN APEX BUILDING. [Photograph by British European Airways]



PART OF THE IMMIGRATION HALL. THIS AND A SIMILAR HALL STRETCH ALMOST THE WHOLE LENGTH OF THE BUILDING ON THE FIRST FLOOR, PARALLEL WITH THE CUSTOMS HALL.



THE MAIN CONCOURSE ON THE LANDWARD SIDE, WITH ESCALATORS LEADING FROM THE GROUND FLOOR. IN THE CENTRE, INFORMATION AND AIRLINE COUNTERS.



ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE MAIN CONCOURSE HALL, ALSO SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH (LEFT). BEHIND THIS LIE THE PROCESSING POINTS AND CUSTOMS HALL.

COMING INTO USE WITHIN A FEW DAYS: THE NEW SOUTH-EAST FACE PASSENGER BUILDING

On these two pages we show views of the interior and exterior of the South-East Face Passenger Building of the Central Terminal Area of London Airport. This is the second of this group of buildings, all designed by Mr. Frederick Gibberd, F.R.I.B.A., to come into use; as it is scheduled to come into operation at midnight, April 16/17, about a fortnight after the new Control Building. The South-East Face Passenger Building is designed to "handle" passengers on short-haul flights, that is to say, those travelling to and from Europe and inside the



PART OF THE RESTAURANT ON THE SECOND FLOOR, WHICH OVERLOOKS THE AIRCRAFT STANDS. THIS OPENS OFF THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE SHOWN IN THE TOP RIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.



AT LONDON AIRPORT, THROUGH WHICH ALL EUROPEAN AND INTERNAL TRAVELLERS WILL PASS.

British Isles; and, during 1954, these short haul passengers constituted about two-thirds of the 1,724,139 passengers handled by London Airport. Since the passenger figures are still rising, this new building is likely to handle about 1,250,000 passengers each year. These passengers fall into three kinds: passengers on internal services, who are not subject to Customs, health and immigration examination; outbound and inbound overseas passengers subject to clearance on all three counts; and transit passengers, who are simply travelling from one country to another via London Airport and so, officially, do not enter the country and are not subject to Customs, health and immigration examinations. The building is designed to give completely separate treatment to these three types of passenger. The three travel passengers mentioned are completely distinct from the others. Transit passengers, however, quite a small minority of the total. From the non-technical point of view, perhaps, the pleasantest features of the building occur at the second-floor level and above, where are sited restaurants, lounges, a beer-garden, a roof-garden at different levels, and what is described as the "waving base," where passengers' friends can watch the departure of the aircraft. At this level there is also a children's playground. As can be seen in one of the photographs, this South-East Face Building links directly with the other, the Eastern Apex Building, which will have, with other amenities, an Exhibition Hall, a General Post Office, a News Cinema and a Grill Room and Buffet. Both these buildings also contain extensive offices.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IT would be difficult to say just when gardeners first started the pleasant custom of growing Alpine and other dwarf plants in the crevices between the flagstones of paved paths and terraces. Possibly it started quite accidentally, by a few such plants as aubrietas, or, maybe, dianthus, springing up at random, self-sown seedlings, in such places. Prospering in these congenial conditions, they looked so charming that they managed to overcome their owner's prejudices in favour of order and tidiness. So much so, that they received protection and a reprieve—even encouragement. But against the average head gardener of that period, with his passion for mathematical precision in all his plantings, protection must have been very firm indeed to prove effective. It was from some such accidental beginning that pavement planting probably began—fifty years ago? Or sixty? Difficult to say exactly. No matter.



ONE OF THE MOST ENGAGING ANNUAL (OR NEAR-ANNUAL) ALPINE PLANTS, AND ONE EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR SCATTERING AMONG PAVING BLOCKS: THE ALPINE POPPY (*Papaver alpinum*), "A 3-IN. FAIRY EDITION OF THE ICELAND POPPY," IN WHITE, YELLOW, ORANGE AND SOMETIMES WITH FRINGED PETALS.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

The important thing is that the idea took root, and spread rapidly, until eventually it became a fashion, a cult, in some cases a rather tiresome bore, just as pergolas did. There was a time when no garden was complete—in many folk's eyes—without its pergola. Fortunately, the great majority of these contraptions were built of larch poles. For a few years they afforded climbing exercise to "Dorothy Perkins" and her contemporaries. Then the poles rotted at ground-level and the pergolas collapsed. That was that. Honour was satisfied. Tribute had been paid to a passing garden vogue, and, in most cases, the elongated wigwam was not replaced. In this country, and with our climate, a pergola very seldom looks completely right. Its function, surely, is to afford a pleasantly shady walk from one part of the garden to another part of the garden. It can, too, if well designed and built, make a pleasing architectural feature in the garden. But too often pergolas—the kind that are erected because it's "the thing" to have one—lead to nowhere in particular, and provide drip rather than shade.

The first pavement planting that I ever knew was in the garden of the late Andrew Kingsmill, at Harrow Weald. For some reason or other, Kingsmill was attracted by, and wished to grow, a number of dwarf plants, most of them Alpine. But he had no desire for a conventional rock garden. Instead, he hit upon the idea of laying a long, wide strip of paving at one side of a lawn. It was, perhaps, 15 or 20 yards long, and 4 to 5 or 6 yards wide. It was perfectly level, and lay between the turf of the lawn and a bordering gravel path.

PLANTING PAVED PATHS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

As far as I can remember, the flagstones were not rectangular, or only roughly so, and they were laid upon a bed of sand, with fairly wide planting spaces between the stones. Here he grew a wide selection of dwarf and dwarfish plants, and extremely well they flourished, and uncommonly beautiful they looked. It was certainly an unconventional way of growing rock plants, but it was practical, the plants enjoyed it, and the upkeep was simple. That was about 1909 or 1910, and at that time pavement planting—paths, courtyards and terraces—was practised very little as far as I can remember. But since those days I have seen the practice of planting pavement crevices become widely and deservedly popular. Now and then the planting seems to me to be rather overdone, especially with tall-growing things such as foxgloves, verbascums, the larger gentians, geums, and so forth.

In Kingsmill's paved garden this did not matter. It was, after all, merely a flower-bed in which one could walk among the plants to tend and enjoy them without harming them or injuring the soil. But it was not intended to carry traffic. It was a bed, not a path. But with planted paths and terraces it is different, and I, at any rate, do not want to have to go dodging between tall plants springing up all over the place—foxgloves, mulleins, and the rest. In such places the plants should surely be kept quite small and low, and, at the same time, the flagstones should be reasonably large. With small flags, fully planted in the crevices, walking must necessarily become a tiresome, mincing sort of stagger, if one has any respect and mercy for the flowers. When it comes to a paved courtyard or terrace, it seems to me to be most important to keep the planting reasonably restrained. In such a formal setting a lot of 2- or 3-ft. plants, no matter how lovely in themselves, are apt to give a somewhat derelict appearance even to the stateliest home, as though perennials from the flower borders had escaped from their proper quarters and gone native where they had no right to be. Such behaviour is all very well in a cottage garden; in fact, it is rather pleasant, but the less cottage-y and the more stately the house and surroundings become, the more unseemly such frolic vegetation is apt to appear.

Of all plants suitable for pavement crevices, *Thymus serpyllum*, in its various forms, is one of the most delightful. It is, of course, the flat, creeping thyme of our chalk downs and limestone hills. The normal colour of the flowers is heather-purple, but there are two fine crimson-flowered varieties, a white, a flesh-pink ("Annie Hall"), a silvery-grey, woolly-leaved form, *Thymus serpyllum lanuginosus*, and one whose leaves turn to a fine gold in autumn, and then become green again in spring.

Next in charm and importance I would put the dwarf rambling campanulas, such as *Campanula pusilla*, in lavender-blue or white, and only growing 4 or 5 ins. high. *Campanula pulla* is equally dwarf,

and has glossy bells of pure deep purple. If you do not mind your plants running up to a foot or so high, our native Harebell, *Campanula rotundifolia*, in its varied forms—lavender, white and double-flowered—is excellent, and about the same height are the deepest purple *C. "Covadonga"* and *C. "King Lauren,"* light rosy-lilac.

Acæna microphylla will run around in the pavement crevices at a great pace, with tiny briar-like leaves, and in late summer small greenish, inconspicuous flower clusters from which radiate a complete hedgehog armament of slender bright-crimson spines (quite harmless but most decorative). Many of the



"OF ALL PLANTS SUITABLE FOR PAVEMENT CREVICES, *Thymus serpyllum*, IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS, IS ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL": AND HAS THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF SMELLING DELIGHTFUL WHEN, INEVITABLY, IT IS TRODDEN ON.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

smaller sedums, or stonecrops, are excellent, especially those which in habit are like the common golden-flowered *Sedum acre*: *Sedum lydium*, *S. sexangulare*, *S. dasypodium album*, etc. There are plenty of them, and all you need do is to procure a selection, pull them to pieces, mix them all together, and scatter them about in the pavement crevices, and leave the rest to nature. Every fragment—in fact, every fat, bead-like leaf—will turn round, take root, and produce a thriving young plant in a surprisingly short time. Seeds of the pretty little blue-flowered annual stonecrop, *Sedum caeruleum*, sown in the crevices in spring, will be charming. There are other annuals, too, which may be sown in the paved paths: *Papaver alpinum*, like a 3-in. fairy edition of the Iceland poppy, in yellow, white, orange, etc., and *Linaria alpina*, like a prostrate mat of violet snapdragon flowers with egg-shaped lips, and *Ionopsis acaule*, which produces a domed, 3-in. mass of fairy-like lilac blossoms. And, of course, there are those two inveterate sun-worshipping annuals, *Portulaca* and the Livingstone Daisy, *Mesembryanthemum crinifolium*. Sowing these two in this country is a gamble, with the odds all against you, for it's a gamble on climate—sunshine. But it's a well-worth-while gamble. I have only suggested a very few plants for the pavement gardener, and there are dozens, hundreds of others, both perennials and annuals. It is all a matter of personal taste, and of what will enjoy the special conditions.

One thing I would suggest, and that is the advantage of laying the flagstones, in the first place, on a bed of sand, an inch or so thick. One great advantage of this is that good, pure sand seldom contains many, if any, weed seeds, and that any weeds that may come up in the sand are very easy to wedge out if taken in time.



"NEXT IN CHARM AND IMPORTANCE [FOR PAVEMENT CREVICES] I WOULD PUT THE DWARF RAMBLING CAMPANULAS, SUCH AS *Campanula pusilla*, IN LAVENDER-BLUE OR WHITE, AND ONLY GROWING 4 OR 5 INS. HIGH."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.



BRYAN DE GRINEAU
HONG KONG

HONG KONG, THE CROWN COLONY WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT HOPED THE BRITISH WOULD HAND OVER TO CHINA: A CHOICE OF TRANSPORT BY SEDAN CHAIR, RICKSHAW OR TAXI-CAB, IN THE CHINESE QUARTER OF VICTORIA.

In the report of the Yalta Conference, published by the State Department of the United States, Mr. F. D. Roosevelt said, according to Mr. Bohlen, that he hoped "the British would give back the sovereignty of Hong Kong to China and that it would then become an internationalised free port," though he knew that Mr. (now Sir Winston) Churchill would have strong objections to the suggestion. On

this and the following pages we give our artist's impressions of Hong Kong, which has been a British Crown Colony since 1841. This drawing shows a busy scene in the Chinese quarter of Victoria, the fine city with its famous Bund on the island of Hong Kong, where the transport available includes modern taxi-cabs, and rickshaws or sedan chairs drawn by one-man power.



LOOKING ACROSS THE SPECTACULAR HARBOUR: VICTORIA, ON THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG, WHICH WAS A PIRATE-HAUNTED WASTE BEFORE BEING CEDED TO BRITAIN, SEEN FROM KOWLOON.

The British Crown Colony of Hong Kong consists of the island of Hong Kong, which lies 20 miles east of the mouth of the Pearl River and 91 miles south of Canton; the opposite peninsula of Kowloon; and the New Territories, a portion of the Chinese mainland and some islands. The island of Hong Kong, which is some 11 miles long from east to west, from north to south, has an area of about 32 square miles, and is separated from the mainland by a splendid natural harbour whose principal entrance, the Lyemun Pass, is on the east side. Formerly a desolate waste and the haunt of pirates, Hong Kong island

was ceded to Great Britain in 1841, and the cession was confirmed by the Treaty of Nanking in April 1842 and the colony bears date from April 29, 1842, since when Hong Kong has been a British possession from December 28, 1941, until September 16, 1945, when it was occupied by the Japanese. The peninsula of Kowloon (3½ square miles) was ceded to Great Britain by treaty in October 1860 and now forms part of Hong Kong; and the New Territories, mainly agricultural land with the waters of Mirs Bay and Deep Bay and some islands, were leased to Great Britain for 99 years in June 1898. The total area of the Colony is 36 square

miles, but this includes some areas of steep and unproductive hill country. The city of Victoria on Hong Kong Island rises in terraces from the beautiful waterfront. It is built in three sections, the lowest being given over to shipping, business and native dwellings, the middle section consisting for the most part of Government buildings and parks, and the third, situated on Victoria Peak (4,170 ft.), provides the residence of the Governor and his family. The natural beauty and spectacular character of the harbour are increased by the wide variety of shipping which frequent it—Chinese junks, small craft of every kind and great ocean-going

vessels. A ferryboat service runs from Kowloon to Victoria and the boat is shown at its landing-stage on the right. The airport of Kai Tak on the north shore of Kowloon Bay is capable of handling up to 80,000 lbs. of freight and the adjacent marine base is suitable for all types of flying-boats. The recent influx of nearly 670,000 Chinese refugees into Hong Kong has provided a difficult problem; and in the recently issued report of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees Dr. Hamblin paid tribute to "the efficiency and generosity of the British administration in Hong Kong" in dealing with it.



THE OLD AND THE NEW NEAR HONG KONG: CHINESE JUNKS, CARRYING ON THEIR TRADITIONAL TRADE ON THE WATERS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE BRITISH FLAG, WHILE A MODERN AIRCRAFT OF B.O.A.C. MOVES SWIFTLY ON ITS SCHEDULED FLIGHT OVERHEAD.



CHINESE CUSTOMS—AND WESTERN AMENITIES: (RIGHT) A B.O.A.C. OMNIBUS PULLS UP TO LET A CHINESE FUNERAL PASS; (LEFT) A CHINESE AGRICULTURIST SWEEPING DUCKS INTO THEIR COOP WITH A BROOM, WHILE ANOTHER OPERATES A DOUBLE WATERING-CAN; AND (LOWER LEFT) GIRLS WORKING IN THE FIELDS WATCH A RICH WOMAN'S PALANQUIN GO BY.

WHERE ANCIENT CUSTOMS PERSIST SIDE BY SIDE WITH MODERN AMENITIES: CONTRASTS IN BRITISH HONG KONG.

Hong Kong, the British Crown Colony lying off the coast of China, which Mr. Roosevelt is stated in the Yalta Conference Report, as issued by the U.S. State Department, to have wished Britain to return to China, is administered by a Governor assisted by an Executive Council. There is also a Legislative Council over which his Excellency presides. Although traditional customs, such as those illustrated by our artist, persist in the native quarter, British administration has brought Western amenities in its train. There is industrial prosperity in the

Colony, and educational facilities include the University of Hong Kong (in 1953 there were 982 undergraduates, including 260 women), training colleges, and subsidized, grant and private schools, as well as government schools, making a total of 1052. Communications include a railway from Kowloon to the Chinese frontier, 432 miles of roads, an electric tramway and a cable railway connecting the Peak district with Victoria, while airlines of many nations connect the Colony by scheduled services to all parts of the world.

A NEW WORLD RAILWAY SPEED RECORD: FRENCH ELECTRIC TRAINS WHICH EXCEEDED 200 M.P.H., NEAR BORDEAUX.



(LEFT.) A FORWARD VIEW, AND (RIGHT) A REAR VIEW OF THE RECORD-BREAKING C.C. 7107, WHICH REACHED A SPEED OF OVER 200 M.P.H. BETWEEN BORDEAUX AND DAX. FRENCH RAILWAYS REGARD HIGH SPEEDS AS VALUABLE IN PROVIDING INFORMATION, BUT DO NOT PROPOSE TO MAINTAIN SUCH PERFORMANCES ON REGULAR ROUTES.



THE C.C. 7107 AT SPEED NEAR DAX: PASSENGERS AND CREW REPORTED THAT TELEGRAPH-POLES BECAME INVISIBLE BUT THAT AFTER REACHING ABOUT 180 M.P.H. ONLY A SLIGHT ROLLING MOTION COULD BE FELT. SPECTATORS SAID THE TRAIN PASSED LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING IN A CLOUD OF DUST.



THE LIGHTER B.B. 9004 LOCOMOTIVE ACHIEVED A SPEED OF 206 M.P.H. AT TOP SPEED THE TRAIN GENERATED SPARKS WHICH SET FIRE TO-TREES BY THE SIDE OF THE TRACK.

By their speed and efficiency, French National Railways already hold a high place among the railway systems of the world, and this reputation has been enhanced by the record-breaking achievements of their two new electric locomotives, the B.B. 9004 and the C.C. 7107, on March 28 and 29. The experimental runs were made on a straight stretch of track in the Landes, south of Bordeaux, first by the C.C. 7107, which reached a speed of 320 kilometres an hour (200 m.p.h.), subsequently claimed to be somewhat higher, and on the following day by the



THE DRIVERS OF THE C.C. 7107 ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE ON ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUN: CHIEF ENGINEERS HENRI BRACHET (LEFT) AND JEAN BROCCA.

less powerful B.B. 9004, which set up the astonishing record speed of 206 m.p.h. The C.C. 7107, a "sister" locomotive of the C.C. 7121, which established the previous world record of 243 kilometres (152 miles) an hour last February, weighs 107 tons and has a drive of 4740 horse-power, compared with the 83 tons and 4350 horse-power of the B.B. 9004. During both record-breaking runs, the locomotives pulled three coaches, each weighing 34 tons. It is estimated that if these new locomotives fulfil expectations, they should reach speeds of about 212 m.p.h.

"ANCIENT ART IN AMERICAN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS": AT HARVARD.



FIG. 1. AN EXTREMELY POTENT EARLY NEAR-EASTERN SCULPTURE (c. 3000 B.C.): A LION-HEADED DEMON CARVED FROM WHITE MAGNESITE. (Height, 8·4 cm. [3½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. A. Bradley Martin.)



FIG. 2. A "HITTITE" FERTILITY GODDESS OF ABOUT 2000-1500 B.C. (Bronze: Height, 21 cms. [about 8½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Vladimir Golschmann.)



FIG. 3. A CYCLADIC MOTHER GODDESS OF MARBLE, STRIKINGLY "MODERN" IN CONCEPT: A DEITY OF THE 3RD MILLENNIUM B.C. (Height, 21 cms. [about 4½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. James J. Sweeney.)



FIG. 4. A HELLENISTIC BRONZE FROM ALEXANDRIA, c. 200 B.C., BRILLIANTLY ACCOMPLISHED: A VEILED AND MASKED DANCER. (Height, 20·7 cms. [8¼ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Walter C. Baker.)

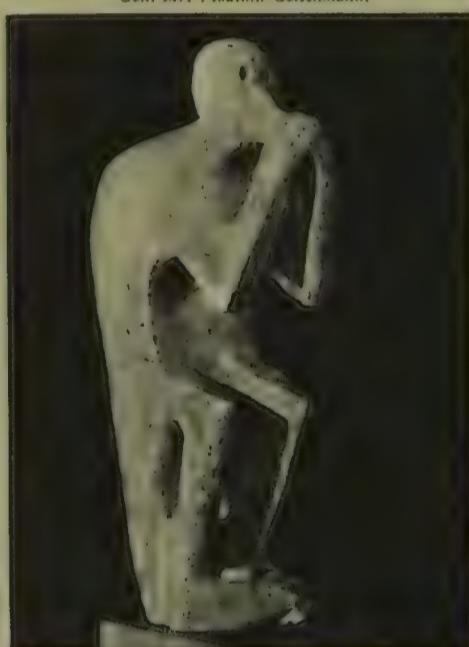


FIG. 5. EARLY PERSIAN: AN ALABASTER MONKEY, DRINKING. FROM SUSA, c. 3000 B.C. (Height, 12·5 cms. [5 ins.]) (Coll. Stuart Cary Welch, Jr.)



FIG. 6. A RIGHTLY FAMOUS BRONZE OF NARCISSUS OR HYPNOS (THE GOD OF SLEEP): FROM CNIDUS. HELLENISTIC WORK. (Height, 19 cms. [about 7½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Walter C. Baker.)



FIG. 7. A SYRIAN BRONZE (HITHETO UNKNOWN) OF JULIA DOMNA, SECOND WIFE OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS. (Height, 36 cms. [14½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. C. Ruxton Lowe, Jun.)



FIG. 8. AN EGYPTIAN BRONZE MIRROR OF THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY (1570-1372 B.C.). (Height, 25·8 cms. [10¼ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Albert Gallatin.)



FIG. 9. ONE OF THE EARLIEST MARBLE HORSES OF GREEK ART: AN ARCHAIC MARBLE OF c. 570 B.C. (Height, 36·8 cms. [14½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Walter C. Baker.)

The sixteen photographs on this and the following page are all of objects from a loan exhibition entitled "Ancient Art in American Private Collections," which opened in the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University on December 28, and which continued open for some weeks. The exhibition had been arranged by Mr. George M. A. Hanfmann, the Curator of Classical Art in the Fogg Museum, to mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Archaeological Institute of America. Until late in the last century America was relatively

barren of examples of ancient and classical art; and Mr. Hanfmann wrote in the catalogue of the exhibition: "As late as 1879, one of the motives impelling Charles Eliot Norton toward the foundation of an Archaeological Institute was his concern lest America be left barren of those great works of classical art which he so earnestly desired.... A lover of synchronisms might well describe the six decades from the founding of the Institute in 1879 to the economic crisis of 1929 as the 'Golden Age' of American collecting."

[Continued opposite.]

LITTLE-KNOWN MASTER WORKS OF ANTIQUITY—FROM A LOAN EXHIBITION.



FIG. 10. A SPIRITED SMALL BRONZE OF A ROMAN TWO-HORSE CHARIOT AND CHARIOOTEER, OF THE FIRST OR SECOND CENTURY, A.D. (Height, 14.5 cms. [about 5½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. and Mrs. Alvin S. Novack.)



FIG. 11. EUROPA AND THE BULL: AN EXUBERANT COPTIC BRONZE OF THE 4TH TO 5TH CENTURY, A.D. (Height, 17 cms. [6¾ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Jacques Lipchitz.)



FIG. 12. A DAPHNE VASE OF WHITE OPAQUE GLASS WITH ENAMEL AND GOLD DECORATION: PERHAPS SYRIAN, SECOND TO THIRD CENTURY, A.D. (Height, 23 cms. [9½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Ray Winfield Smith.)



FIG. 13. A MARBLE RELIEF OF THE BEST AGE OF GREEK SCULPTURE (c. 420 B.C.). (Height 46 cms. [18½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Walter C. Baker.)



FIG. 14. A LIVELY BRONZE OF A DANCING SATYR, GREEK OF THE LATE 6TH OR EARLY 5TH CENTURY, B.C. (Height, 7 cms. [2½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Walter C. Baker.)



FIG. 15. A DELIGHTFUL EARLY-EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE OF A LION: CARVED FROM CREAM-COLOURED QUARTZ, AND OF ABOUT 3200 B.C., THE END OF THE PRE-DYNASTIC PERIOD. (Height, 12 cms. [about 4½ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. Albert Gallatin.) *Continued.*

The exhibition included, as well as very many examples from the United States, pieces also from collections in Canada, Cuba and Bolivia, thus symbolising the intention "to present an exhibition that would be American in the hemispheric sense." There were in all 306 exhibits, drawn from sixty-four different collections; and they fell into a number of groups: Egypt; the Near East; the Aegean; Greece and Rome (the largest section); and Prehistoric Europe. A glance at the photographs reproduced, while revealing the high quality and beauty of the works of art, also shows that the majority of the pieces are small in scale. This is in some respects due to the difficulty of assembling large works of art from a very large area; but it also reflects a change in taste and also an economic change, since now the major works which cross the Atlantic are purchased either for or by the great museums of the United States, and not to enrich private collections in the grand manner of some decades ago. The exhibition was, however, of the greatest interest to the scholar and the lover of beauty, in that it gathered under one roof objects of great beauty otherwise widely scattered and sometimes inaccessible to the public.

(Photographs as follows: Figs. 1 and 15, Charles Uhl; Figs. 2, 5, 7, 16, Fogg Museum; Fig. 3, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; Figs. 4, 6, 14, J. Martin; Figs. 9 and 13, Metropolitan Museum; Fig. 10, City Art Museum of St. Louis; Fig. 11, A. Studly.)



FIG. 16. A MAGNIFICENT BRONZE BULL HEAD FROM THE LITTLE-KNOWN KINGDOM OF URARTU, NEAR LAKE VAN, AND OF THE NINTH TO EIGHTH CENTURIES B.C. (Height, 12.5 cms. [4¾ ins.]) (Coll. Mr. John J. Emery.)



OF the making of books about Rembrandt (1606-1669) there is no end, nor is there any reason why there should be an end while civilisation lasts, for the more you see of him the more interesting he becomes, whether as painter, draughtsman or etcher. I put it to you that there never was such a man. Neither this book nor this note is concerned with his drawings, nor with his etchings; but as to his painting you only have to look at the magnificently produced detailed illustration on the dust cover—the detail of the hands from the picture popularly known as "The Jewish Bride" in the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam—that is, if you can't rush off there immediately to study the original—to convince yourself that you are in the presence of one of the world's great masterpieces.

However, before finally bludgeoning you into acceptance of my own views, I really must give the opposition its chance. Here is Gerard de Lairesse writing in the year of Rembrandt's death: "A Master capable of nothing but vulgar and prosaic subjects . . . who merely achieved an effect of rottenness." Here is J. B. Descamps in 1754: "His was a fiery genius, quite devoid of nobility and ignorant of the resources which Poetry provides." In 1864 John Ruskin, earnestly anxious for our moral welfare, tells us that "The light is not Rembrantesque on the current or banks of a river; but it is on those of a drain. Colour is not Rembrantesque usually in a clean house; but it is presently obtainable of that quality in a dirty one. . . . It is the aim of the best painters to paint the noblest things they can see by sunlight. It was the aim of Rembrandt to paint the foulest things he could see—by rushlight." Later he wrote "Vulgarity, dulness or impurity will indeed always express themselves in brown and grey as in Rembrandt," and much else in the same vein.

Well, all that was a long time ago, and if there are any now who subscribe to these views, they are by no means vocal. Indeed, it may well be that the reputation of this miller's son is liable to suffer to-day from indiscriminate praise, for you can sometimes hear his devotees as enthusiastic about his very early work as about the later, and that, I suggest, does him small service. It is not difficult to detect a far greater range and breadth in the pictures painted after, say, about 1645, than in those which came before, admirable though these are, and once you have become familiar with the sequence, you find yourself fascinated by the speculation as to what would have been his story

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ANOTHER REMBRANDT BOOK.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

The death of his wife Saskia, in 1642, seems to mark the turning-point in his career, and the rest of his life is a long, sad story of growing financial troubles, of foolish investments, of scandals about women—and of ever more profound and moving paintings which failed to impress the majority of his contemporaries, but which those of us who are not disciples of Ruskin are convinced are consummate works of art. All this, with the relevant dates, is briefly told in a straightforward introduction, and the remainder of the volume is devoted to a series of colour plates of

other handsome books from the same publishers, because it is far more difficult to make an accurate reproduction in colour of an oil than of a tempera painting, but some are reasonably successful: for example, the famous "Night Watch" and especially the detail from it of the little girl in the yellow dress who has somehow become involved in the scene. Then there is the sensitive and heart-breaking picture of the two negroes (Mauritshuis), wherein is all the puzzled sorrow of Africa, and the beautiful nude from the Louvre, for which Hendricke Stofels appears to have been the model

Hendricke, who became his housekeeper and mistress, and helped to bring up Saskia's son Titus. The latter, it is thought, may be the young man in "The Jewish Bride," already referred to. This enigmatic and impressive painting (seen in London at Burlington House at the Dutch Exhibition in 1929) has long confounded the professional art historians, who have used up gallons of ink at one time or another to prove that it represented Tobias and Sarah, or Ruth and Boaz, or Isaac and Rebecca, or Titus and his young wife Magdalene Van Loo; to me a singularly sterile enquiry, adding nothing to our appreciation: all that matters in painting is surely the paint, the beautiful free brushwork, the subtle tones of red and yellow and black and grey, and the marvellous modelling of the hands.

Hands can be as eloquent as faces—sometimes more eloquent—and are invariably fascinating. Have you ever wandered round a great collection and noticed how fine painters deal with them?—the small fingers of Holbein's Duchess of Milan, for example, holding her gloves?—or the liquid modelling of the hands of Rubens' Susanna Fourment?—or the slim elegance of the hands of Jan Arnolfini's prim little wife in Van Eyck's miracle of exact observation? The three hands of this great Rembrandt, so splendidly shown in the detail plate, are on a par with such master works. His figure subjects are so numerous and so familiar, and his landscapes in oils so few that a reproduction of one from the Rijksmuseum is specially welcome. Its date is 1638, and, maybe, had Ruskin known it, even

he might have approved of the golden light which illuminates the nobly-drawn trees in the middle distance. Perhaps, after all, it is not fair to quote the poor man as I have done. Had he enjoyed the facilities of our own day, he might not perhaps have bombinated quite so obtusely on scanty evidence. Anyway, here is a book worth browsing over; it provides a vivid panorama of a very great pilgrim's progress, and the gaps can be filled in from your own



A YOUNG WOMAN'S HANDS, AND THE RIGHT HAND OF A YOUNG MAN, BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606-1669); DETAIL FROM "THE JEWISH BRIDE," PAINTED C. 1666.

"The Jewish Bride," one of Rembrandt's most beautiful and appealing paintings, shows a young couple standing side by side, the girl resting her left hand on her bridegroom's right hand, which holds her in a protective gesture, while her right hand rests on her skirt. It is one of the treasures of the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.

Reproduction by courtesy of the publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

pictures chosen from the beginning to the end of his career, starting with the bright, eager boy, painted about 1629, and ending with the tired, ravaged, quizzical elderly man of 1669, the year of his death—both from the Mauritshuis collection at The Hague. I suppose it would be impossible to choose twenty-three out of the—how many is it?—600?—accepted Rembrandts—in such a way as to please everybody; in England, for example, some of us may grumble a little at the absence of anything from the National Gallery, the portrait of Margaretta Tripp perhaps, or that of Saskia as Flora, nor is there one from the many in

the United States, but that would be too pernickety and insular a criticism—rather, we ought to be pleased to have before us in so fine a setting a selection from the Dutch collections, and from Brussels, the Louvre, the Brera and the Uffizi. It is interesting, too, to have included "The Flayed Ox," which is by no means to everyone's taste, for most of us are squeamish in these matters, but it serves well to remind us that however unpleasant the subject, a great man can find it exciting.

Not all the plates are equal in quality; largely, as I suggested last week in a review of two



A YOUNG WOMAN'S HANDS, BY HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER (1497-1543); DETAIL FROM THE PORTRAIT OF CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN, PAINTED IN 1538.

The delicate hands of Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan, small and with narrow, pointed fingers, are shown holding a pair of gloves, in Hans Holbein's celebrated portrait of her. A daughter of Christian II. of Denmark, in 1538 she was a widow and is depicted in mourning.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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A YOUNG WOMAN'S HANDS, PAINTED BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640); DETAIL OF THE PORTRAIT OF SUSANNA FOURMENT, KNOWN AS "Le Chapeau de Paille."

Rubens' celebrated painting of Susanna Fourment, sister of his second wife, shows her with her hands folded, the fingers of the left hand holding the end of her pale olive-green scarf.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

had he met with little or no success in his youth and achieved fame only when he had reached maturity. As it was, he was living prosperously, not to say extravagantly, throughout the 1630's, and providing the public with portraits and illustrations to Bible stories which were exactly to its taste.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Gallery of Masterpieces: Rembrandt." 28 Plates in Colour. (Hamish Hamilton; £3 3s.)

experience. Perhaps the "Aristotle," which I believe is in America, and—of the many self-portraits—the one at Kenwood; and, of the early portraits, the lovely head of the young woman in the Bearsted collection which Londoners just now have the privilege of enjoying at the Whitechapel Art Gallery.

FLAXMAN'S BICENTENARY HONOURED, AND
EARLY ACADEMICIANS' WORKS: AT THE R.A.

"SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL" (1738-1822),
ASTRONOMER: A WEDGWOOD MEDALLION
MODELLED BY FLAXMAN.



"CHARLES JAMES FOX" (1749-1806),
STATESMAN: A WEDGWOOD MEDALLION
MODELLED BY JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.



(ABOVE.) "LAND-
SCAPE"; BY THOMAS
CRESWICK, R.A. (1811-
1869), WHICH SHOWS
THE INFLUENCE OF
GUSTAVE COURBET.
Diploma Work,
SIGNED T.C.
(Canvas; 27 by 35 ins.)

(LEFT.) WEDG-
WOOD MEDALLIONS
MODELLED BY FLAX-
MAN; SIR JOSHUA
REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
(1723-1792) (LEFT)
AND (RIGHT) CAPTAIN
COOK, NAVAL CAP-
TAIN AND EXPLORER
(1728-1779).



"COAST SCENE"; BY JOSEPH FARINGTON, R.A. (1747-1821). *DIPLOMA WORK.*
SIGNED AND DATED JOSEPH FARINGTON 1786. (Canvas; 37½ by 51½ ins.)



"THE SLEEPING MODEL"; BY WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, C.V.O., R.A. (1819-1909).
DIPLOMA WORK. (Canvas; 25 by 28 ins.)



(ABOVE.) "THE COUNCIL OF THE R.A.
SELECTING PICTURES"; BY C.W. COPE,
R.A. (1811-1890). SIR F. GRANT, P.R.A.
(WITH GAVEL); AND MILLAIS (FORE-
GROUND); WARD (TOP-HAT), LEWIS,
LEIGHTON AND RICHMOND (LEFT);
COPE, ARMITAGE (TWEED HAT);
REDGRAVE, FAED, HORSLEY (LEFT;
BEHIND); CALDERON (CENTRE;
SEATED) AND HOOK (BEHIND).



A SPECIAL exhibition opened last week at the Diploma Galleries of the Royal Academy and will continue indefinitely. The three Diploma Galleries contain paintings by early Royal Academicians. Among these are works by Reynolds and Raeburn and also a large Gainsborough landscape; but the collection also includes paintings by lesser artists. The Gibson Gallery at the east end is devoted to a display in honour of the bicentenary of John Flaxman, R.A. (1755-1826), and contains a number of his drawings, and examples of pottery designed by him for Wedgwood and lent from the Wedgwood Museum. The firm, carried on by the founder's descendants, continues to produce their wares.

Paintings reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Academy of Arts.

(LEFT.) "CHILDREN"; BY THE REV.
M. W. PETERS (1742-1814). *DIPLOMA
WORK.* (Canvas; 25½ by 30½ ins.)



"THE PRINCE OF WALES"; BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.
(1753-1839). *DIPLOMA WORK.* (Canvas; 55 by 45½ ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

DISCUSSING THE WAGTAIL'S TAIL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHY does a wagtail wag its tail? The question was put to me some time ago by a reader, and I promised to try to answer it. First of all, let us recall the appearance of wagtails and their habits. They are slim, graceful birds, mainly terrestrial, with noticeably long tails and coloured with white and black, greys, greens and yellows. Characteristically they move over the ground with a rapid walk or a swift run, with the head moving backward and forward and the tail moving continuously up and down. The flight is undulating. To a varying extent wagtails are found near water, feeding on insects. Thus the pied wagtail often feeds near water, sometimes wading into it, but it is frequently on open grassland or on arable land. The yellow wagtail is less given to watery habitats. In summer, in this country, it frequents mainly low-lying ground, such as pastures, marshes or cultivated fields. In its winter quarters, in Africa, it is found even less near water.

Having pondered this matter and reached certain preliminary conclusions, I put the question to an ornithologist whose observations and interpretations of behaviour are of more than average quality. His suggestions differ from mine, and are probably nearer the truth, so I propose to set forth both, giving his first. He started with the premise that the upward lift of the tail in birds generally is a preliminary to taking flight. The up-and-down movement of the tail, while the bird is perched, could therefore be interpreted as an intention movement, indicating, so to speak, the intention to take off. A bird, in a state of alarm or in a nervous or excited state, one that is undecided whether to take off or not, shall we say, will move the tail up and down more than is usual. He then pointed out that this same wagging of the tail, so pronounced a feature of the wagtails, is also found in sandpipers and dippers, both water birds. In them, he postulated, the action of the tail has been transmuted from a mere intention movement to one having a practical value—namely, to shake off water from the body.

There is in this hypothesis the weakness that there are some water birds, with tails at least as long as those of dippers and sandpipers, which do not wag the tail in this characteristic way, but that is hardly important. It also occurs to me that birds have a natural protection against water in the preen-oil they distribute over their feathers. On the other hand, the fact remains that the grey wagtail, the most aquatic of our wagtails, wags its tail more than the yellow, which is the least aquatic.

Tails have for some time been for me a favourite subject for contemplation. Because the head and face of an animal are so important, we are apt, quite naturally, to think of the tail as something which an animal, following the example of Bo-peep's sheep,

merely brings behind it. This idea of the tail being an unimportant appendage to the body, a sort of anatomical afterthought, tends to be reinforced by the fact that so many creatures, including ourselves, get on very well without one. Yet the more one thinks about it the further this seems to be from the truth.

If the evolutionary sequence is a guide, the land vertebrates came into being when some early fish crawled ashore and started to use limbs instead of fins. Before this, however, the tail was a conspicuous and highly important organ, the means of locomotion. It was well supplied with muscles and rich with nerves. In the land animals this function of locomotion, was taken over by the limbs, the tail being relegated to a subsidiary rôle, and, in many instances, lost altogether.

It would be vain to try to survey all the variations in the uses to which the tail are put, or to make a comparative study of all tails. What I would merely try to do is to show that in all groups of land animals, the reptiles, birds and mammals, the tail has taken on different functions and that in many it is an organ having a highly nervous equipment although the function, even of this, may not always be very evident. I think first of the extinct Diplodocus, the giant reptile, with a body and legs reminiscent of those of an elephant, with a long, thin neck and an even longer, tapering tail, the whole measuring some 80 ft. in length. The brain-case of Diplodocus has a small capacity, but in the region of the pelvis the spinal cord was greatly

enlarged, to control the movements of the hind-limbs and extremely long tail. So marked is this enlargement of the spinal cord that Diplodocus has been described as having a second brain in its hips. This most outstanding example teaches us not to assume that the main source of nervous energy is necessarily in the brain.

We have not, nor can we ever have, a perfect knowledge of how Diplodocus used its tail or of the full



"IN SUMMER, IN THIS COUNTRY, IT FREQUENTS MAINLY LOW-LYING GROUND, SUCH AS PASTURES, MARSHES OR CULTIVATED FIELDS": THE YELLOW WAGTAIL (*MOTACILLA FLAVA FLAVISSIMA*). A SLENDER, LONG-TAILED, LONG-LEGGED BIRD. IT HAS A BRIGHT YELLOW EYE-STRIPE, THROAT AND UNDER-PARTS; YELLOWISH GREEN UPPER PARTS AND CHEEKS. IT IS A SUMMER VISITOR TO THE BRITISH ISLES, BREEDING IN MOST PARTS OF ENGLAND AND WALES AND A FEW DISTRICTS OF SOUTHERN AND EASTERN SCOTLAND.

purpose of that concentration of nerve-matter in the pelvic region. We are better off as regards the modern reptiles and we can recall that lizards have the power of throwing off half the tail and re-growing a new tip. The only aspect of this that concerns us here is the behaviour of that outer half when free of the body. While its former owner scuttles to safety it lashes like a thing possessed, bounding over the earth and, doubtless, as has been suggested, catches the eye of the enemy whose attention is thereby distracted while the lizard itself escapes. The main point for consideration here, however, is the remarkable fund of nervous energy available to the severed part of the tail, even when separated from the body. Passing now to those mammals possessing tails, we may say that in general they serve their owners as balancers. But this is not the end of the story, for while in some species they are no more than balancers, in others we see additional functions. Sometimes the tail furnishes a grasping organ, often highly sensitive. At other times it is expressive of moods or emotions—or even intentions, but this time intentions of a psychological nature, as in the wagging of a dog's tail or the lashing of a cat's tail. It has been shown for the wolf that a whole language of signals, comparable with the expressions of the face, of fear, anger, contentment, and so on, can be seen in the movements of the tail.

A whole chapter, if not a book, could be written on the functions of the tails of mammals alone, but all in it would point in one direction: that the tail does not merely hang behind the body but fulfils, in varying degree, according to the species, a variety of purposes, some of them highly nervous in origin. The squirrel, for example, uses its tail as a balancer, as a rudder, to wrap round itself when asleep, to help the toes grip the tree-trunk, and in a variety of ways to express the animal's mood. Above all, it is in constant motion, especially when the animal is excited, and even in normal moments, very much as is the tail of a wagtail.

I feel that my friend's interpretation is basically correct, but I would suggest that this modified intention movement is, as in the squirrel, exaggerated by the highly charged nervous centres, and that the constantly wagging tail when the bird is not in flight is a nervous reflex very like a stationary engine ticking over.



FREQUENTLY FOUND ON OPEN GRASSLAND OR ON ARABLE LAND: THE PIED WAGTAIL (*MOTACILLA ALBA FARRELLI*), WHICH IS A WELL-PATTERNED BLACK-AND-WHITE BIRD WITH SLENDER LEGS AND LONG TAIL. IT IS A RESIDENT BREEDING THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH ISLES, BUT MANY INDIVIDUALS MIGRATE SOUTH FOR THE WINTER.

Photographs by Eric J. Hosking.



"IT APPEARED DURING A SNOWSTORM ON A BIRD-TABLE . . . AND STAYED FOR OVER FIVE WEEKS IN ITS IMMEDIATE VICINITY": THE MYRTLE WARBLER IN DEVON.



IN AN AGGRESSIVE POSTURE WHILE CHASING TITS: THE MYRTLE WARBLER, WHICH REFUSED TO ALLOW ANY TITS TO USE THE BIRD-TABLE.



ON THE ALERT: THE MYRTLE WARBLER IN DEVON WHOSE UNPRECEDENTED APPEARANCE ATTRACTED BIRD-WATCHERS FROM ALL OVER THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

THE FIRST MYRTLE WARBLER EVER RECORDED IN EUROPE: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN DEVONSHIRE.

These unique photographs, sent to us by Mr. E. H. Ware, A.R.P.S., of Exeter, show the first myrtle warbler (*Dendroica coronata*) ever recorded in Europe, which appeared earlier this year in Devon, having apparently flown across the Atlantic in a westerly gale while migrating from Canada to Central America. The bird, which is a little smaller than a robin, first appeared during a snowstorm on a bird-table at Newton St. Cyres, near Exeter, on January 5; and stayed for over five weeks in the immediate vicinity. During the snow in January the bird frequented the bird-table, driving away all other birds and showing a marked preference for toast and marmalade! As soon as the thaw came it reverted to a more normal diet, hawking for flies from the near-by apple-trees, or dropping to the ground to hunt for insects. Mr. Ware says that "it allowed robins and sparrows to use the bird-table, but never tits. Both Great and Blue tits were invariably driven away

if they ventured near the table, while chaffinches were attacked anywhere in the little garden. At night the bird roosted in a holly-tree some way away. . . . For five weeks it thrived and seemed in splendid condition. Then, after a very severe frost, it was picked up dead. The identity of the bird was established by the Recorder of the county bird-watching society, with the help of the local museum, and was confirmed by leading ornithological experts . . ." The myrtle warbler is a native of North America, being found right up to the frozen areas of Canada but migrating in winter to Central America and the West Indies. It is a very colourful bird, having a bright yellow stripe on the crown, a yellow patch on each side of the breast, and a bright golden-yellow area at the base of the tail which shows up most vividly in flight. It is this which gives the bird its local name of "yellow-rumped warbler." The tail is black with white markings.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE HANS ANDERSEN EXHIBITION : LISTENING TO MR. REDGRAVE, SIR DAVID ECCLES (EXTREME LEFT) AND PRINCESS GEORG.

Mr. Michael Redgrave, the actor, read one of Hans Andersen's stories after the National Book League Exhibition had been opened by the Danish Ambassador, Mr. Vincens de Steenson-Leth, on March 31. Princess Georg of Denmark, and the Minister of Education, Sir David Eccles, were also present.



A GREAT CIVIL SERVANT'S DEATH : SIR RICHARD HOPKINS.

The death occurred in London on March 30 of Sir Richard Hopkins, aged seventy-five. After fifteen years in the Treasury, he was appointed its Permanent Secretary in 1942, a position he held until his retirement three years later. His advice and support aided Ministers and economists alike. After his retirement, he served the Church Assembly and London University.



THE FERODO MOTORING AWARD : EARL HOWE PRESENTING THE GOLD TROPHY TO MR. G. A. VANDERVELL.

The Ferodo Gold Trophy, awarded annually for the outstanding British contribution to the sport of motor-car racing, was presented on March 24 to Mr. G. A. Vandervell, for his Company's contribution to engine design and for his Formula 1. racing car, the Vanwall 2½-litre Special.



A U.S. NEWSPAPER MAN DIES, AGED 70 : MR. JOSEPH PULITZER.

A son of Joseph Pulitzer the elder, the famous founder of the Pulitzer prizes for American writing, Mr. Pulitzer, who died at St. Louis on March 30, was an outstanding newspaper man in his own right. Though unable to read ordinary type because of defective eyesight, his editorship of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* was conspicuously successful.



THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR TO VISIT MOSCOW : HERR RAAB WITH FOUR OF HIS AMBASSADORS.

Before accepting the invitation of the Soviet Government to visit Moscow for talks on the question of an Austrian Treaty, the Chancellor, Herr Julius Raab, recalled four of his Ambassadors for discussions. Above are (l. to r.) Herr Schwarzenberg (London), Herr Gruber (Washington), Herr Raab, Herr Bischoff (Moscow) and Herr Vollgruber (Paris). The Chancellor will fly to Moscow on April 11.



PRESENTED WITH HIS FIELD MARSHAL'S BÂTON : H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

On March 30, the eve of his fifty-fifth birthday, the Duke of Gloucester was presented with his Field Marshal's baton by H.M. the Queen. The Duke of Gloucester, who was made a General in 1944, is also an Air Chief-Marshal of the R.A.F., and Colonel-in-Chief of numerous regiments, including the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own).

THE DEATH OF A U.S. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER : COL. ROBERT McCORMICK.

Colonel McCormick, the editor and publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, died in Chicago on April 1, aged seventy-four. A former war correspondent, he was a brilliant journalist and one of the most controversial figures in American newspaper publishing. Often vehemently anti-British, he was never reluctant to express an unpopular opinion.



R.A.F. JUNGLE TESTS IN NORTH BORNEO : (L. TO R.)

F/O. MANN, SQN/LDR. PODEVIN AND W/CMDR. LYNCH-BLOSSE. Four officers of Britain's Far East Air Force are making a fifteen-day trek through dangerous jungle in British North Borneo to test out new jungle survival equipment. Except for emergency rations, the party will live off the jungle. The test, which started on March 26, will provide valuable information which may increase the chances of survival of airmen forced to bale out over deep jungle.



COMPLETING A SURVIVAL TEST : (L. TO R.) LIEUT. BLOT, LEADING SEAMAN GRELOT AND CMDR. AURY.

Only three of the ten volunteers taking part in a six-day survival test, staged by the French Navy in the Brest Estuary, completed the course. Taken ashore on March 28 after six days at sea on a rubber raft on a diet of salt water, ship's biscuits and whatever fish they could catch, each had lost nearly 9 lb. in weight. They were testing the survival theories of Dr. Alain Bombard.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE SUDAN IN CAIRO : SIR KNOX HELM WITH LIEUT.-COLONEL NASSER.

Arriving in Cairo on his way to take up his appointment as Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Knox Helm met the Egyptian Prime Minister, Lieut.-Colonel Nasser. The appointment was made by the Egyptian Government on the recommendation of Britain. Sir Knox Helm was the British Ambassador to Turkey until his retirement in 1953. He has also served in the Washington Embassy. He is sixty-one.



AFTER LAUNCHING AN APPEAL TO SAVE OLD HASTINGS : THE DUKE OF NORFOLK IN HASTINGS.

On March 31 the Duke of Norfolk launched in Hastings an appeal for £30,000 to help save Old Hastings. Our photograph shows the Duke on the steps of St. Clement's Church with the Mayor of Hastings, Alderman Hussey and members of the Hastings Dramatic Society, Mr. D. Barnes (left), dressed as Rossetti, and Miss Lang-Smith as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.



RECORDING THE VISUAL EFFECT OF AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION: PHOTOGRAPHERS AT WORK

AFTER A DEVICE DROPPED FROM AN AIRCRAFT HAD BEEN EXPLODED AT NEVADA.

On March 29 two atomic weapons were exploded at the Nevada Desert testing grounds. The second, a device dropped from a high-flying aircraft, exploded at more than 15,000 ft., with a yellow flash. An atomic cloud appeared to rise quickly from the point of blast, and observers said it was tinted pink with a black inside. Aircraft flew in the area after the tests; and cloud samples were taken.



ON BOARD THE U.S. NAVY ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE NAUTILUS: TWO MEMBERS OF THE CREW DESCENDING THE COMPANION-WAY.

During her recent builders' trials the U.S. Navy atomic-powered submarine *Nautilus* travelled over 3000 miles, made a total of 69 dives and spent 92 hours submerged, steaming several hundreds of miles beneath the surface. Our photograph shows the companion-way to the control room.

ATOMIC POWER AND A SOVIET PINPRICK, A MAIDEN VOYAGE, AND A MILITARY PARADE.



THE SOUTHERN CROSS (20,000 TONS) SAILS ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE SHAW SAVILL LINE TOURIST CLASS LUXURY LINER LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON.

The new Shaw Savill luxury liner, *Southern Cross*, which carries over 1000 passengers, all tourist class, left on her maiden voyage to Australia and New Zealand on March 29. She has a service speed of 20 knots and represents the last word in design. The *Empire Orwell* is seen on the left.



ROAD TRANSPORT BETWEEN WEST GERMANY AND WEST BERLIN ON WHICH NEW ROAD TOLLS ARE IMPOSED: TRUCKS DRAWN UP AT THE CHECK POINT IN THE SOVIET SECTOR.

The East German Government have announced that from April 1 West German vehicles using the *auto-bahn* in the Soviet Zone to travel between West Berlin and West Germany will have to pay increased dues—the rises varying from 100 to 1000 per cent. Allied motor transport will not be affected.



THE TRADITIONAL "BATTLE-AXE" PARADE OF THE 74TH MEDIUM BATTERY, R.A., AT HONG KONG:

BRIGADIER T. DE F. JAGO INSPECTING THE AXE.

The "Battle-Axe Company" of the Royal Regiment of Artillery is so called from the capture of Fort Dessix, West Indies, from the French in 1809, and on the anniversary the axe taken from the defenders is trooped for the Company commander by the tallest man in the unit, who must wear a moustache.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

GRAND NATIONAL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

FIRST: "Man's passions made a play-thing, and sublime." Then: "The acted passion beautiful and swift." The lines are by the same writer, the Poet Laureate, John Masefield; twenty years stretch between them.

The first line was spoken not four years ago—and how well one remembers Dame Sybil Thorndike's delivery!—at the foundation-stonelaying of the National Theatre. Lillah McCarthy spoke the second before the curtains of the Stratford stage on the April afternoon in 1932 when a new Memorial was opened beside the Avon.

Why should the words ring in my head this week? (Later, you can see that I must have had some odd prescience.) In the current play-list we find suddenly a crop of "Last performances." Plays that seem to have been with us since the dawn of time, prepare to flit. New productions loom. Managers shower their announcements: a fresh part for Dame Edith Evans; another for Diana Wynyard; a musical version of "Kismet"; a comedy or two; Dorothy Tutin as Anouilh's Saint Joan; Michael Redgrave on the plains of Troy... variety enough for anyone. Even so, for the steady collector of new plays this has been a week with the tide on the ebb. The tide turns; presently it will be sweeping and seething up the beach, and we shall hardly be able to keep ourselves upright in the flood.

Good. During the wait I have been reading about the theatre instead of going to it; inevitably I have built castle upon castle in the air. A book arrived ("First Interval") by that most gallant of actor-managers, Donald Wolfit. It is not my pleasant task to review this; but I cannot refrain from remembering a noon in the "blitz" autumn of 1940 when we picked our way into the Strand Theatre. Within, Mr. Wolfit's Richard the Third was wooing Lady Anne as if nothing in the world outside had ever conspired to take Shakespeare and the living theatre from us. It was grandly single-minded.

At the play I have, so to speak, grown up with Mr. Wolfit. In one of my earliest memories he was the First Witch in a touring cast that included the young Ralph Richardson as Banquo. A few years later, Wolfit, as Demetrius in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was scrambling over a curious mound in the middle of the Old Vic stage: it was my first Shakespeare night in Waterloo Road. Later still, before Stratford became fashionable, he had two Memorial Theatre seasons that still gleam. That gives another chance of saying that Stratford of the 1920's and 1930's should not be brushed off lightly. Often I feel like asking some of the post-war discoverers of theatre and town whether they have heard of Randle Ayrton, probably the finest actor who seldom troubled about the London stage. Recalling Ayrton at his best, one says indeed, "Man's passions made a plaything, and sublime."

I read on late one night in Mr. Wolfit's book until I was brought up suddenly by the last chapter. There, depressed by delay and bickering, he says that "the project for a National Theatre [has] lurched from stalemate to stalemate down the decades." He must be relieved indeed at the tidings just announced in a speech by Lord Esher, chairman of the National Theatre Trustees, that, like so many speeches of the last few days, has lacked a national Press for its blazoning. Lord Esher, speaking at an exhibition of the Maugham collection of theatre pictures, said, very simply, that plans for the National Theatre are almost ready for approval by the Fine Arts' Commission, and "the vision which has inspired so many is about to be realised." As he put it (in terms that would have pleased Mr. Wolfit), "after long years of gestation, enough to put an elephant to shame, the National Theatre is about to be born." The Treasury has promised a grant of £1,000,000. Here at

last the glorious castle in the air is ready to rise. No wonder that Masefield's words have been ringing in my mind.

Many of us built the castle in the past. One of my favourite books, and it has been on the table once more, is Robert Speaight's novel, "The Angel in the Mist."* A novelist can do what he likes, uninhibited by committees; and, in his book, Mr. Speaight, actor as well as author—he was writing in 1936—boldly arranged for the English National Theatre to be opened in the early summer of 1965. Plot need not trouble us. What does scorch a playgoer's imagination is the feeling that the National Theatre has risen at last. It is set on what we gather is the Festival of Britain site. Mr. Speaight does not go into much outward detail—"a massive concrete structure planned on simple lines, sufficiently traditional, yet fully consonant with the modern material in which it was wrought." His interior should make most of us happy:

The interior was splendid in its rich, subdued colouring.... There were only two tiers, which followed the crescent of the walls, and from which there would everywhere be a good view of the stage. The gradual slope of the ceiling was interrupted where lights were hid, whose effect was to soften the colour and enhance the dignity of the whole. There was a wide apron-stage with steps covering the orchestra. The curtain of crimson damask fell in long, straight folds from the curved arch of the proscenium and reinforced the lighter red of the carpet and the rich upholstery of the seats.

Excellent; and so are Mr. Speaight's other ideas. Moreover, he opens the theatre with "Macbeth," a challenge to the Fates.

John Masefield, in "A Macbeth Production," wrote one of the most inspiring books of our period on Shakespearean revival. All paths lead this week to the Laureate, for I have just had the extreme pleasure of reading a pamphlet (privately printed) called "An Elizabethan Theatre in London." Here Dr. Masefield, in his beautiful prose, that lucid, direct prose no man can write better, appeals for a theatre to house the Elizabethan-Jacobean drama: a Thanksgiving Theatre for the work of the "passionate half-century," the plays not of Shakespeare only, but of Shakespeare's fellows so seldom met.

While reading this I remembered how William Poel—whose life Mr. Speaight celebrated recently—had hoped for an Elizabethan theatre. Donald Wolfit

at the Nottingham Playhouse. There are small theatres, eager groups, anxious to present "the acted passion beautiful and swift" of the Elizabethans and Jacobeans; but we do lack a theatre, a Central London theatre, that will keep them—as they should be kept—upon the stage for which they were designed, and not locked in playbooks upon desk or shelf.

With this in mind, Dr. Masefield has built his castle in the air. He is not talking of the National Theatre, but of another (shall we say?) "quick forge and working-house of thought," a home for such plays (he names a few) as "Edward the Third," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," the "delicate humming-bird" inventions of John Lyly, John Day's play of the Bees, Nashe's "Summer's Last Will and Testament," very many others. As the Laureate tells us, we preserve lovingly other "great and gracious things," old music, old buildings, old paintings. "Is it not strange that old poetry, an art powerful with deep delight, should have no such service, no such home, but be left here and there, to the chance piety of eager youth in some school or college?"



A COMEDY OF VICTORIAN FAMILY LIFE WHICH IS DUE TO OPEN IN LONDON DURING THE SECOND HALF OF MAY AFTER A SIX-WEEKS TOUR OF THE PROVINCES: "THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER," BY LIAM O'BRIEN, SHOWING A FAMILY GROUP FROM THE PLAY WITH THE MOTHER, PLAYED BY ELIZABETH SELLARS; THE FATHER, PLAYED BY NIGEL PATRICK, AND THEIR SEVEN CHILDREN.

Dr. Masefield can name a hundred plays of Shakespeare's time worth revival—and that, too, "without trenching on the anonymous works and masques, without touching the work of the lesser poets who began and ended the movement. The wealth of startling neglected work is not small." How, then, to preserve it in performance? The Laureate discusses a building fitted with the stage essentials of the Shakespearean period (and, of course, suitable modern aids). The first cost might be £15,000, and there would be much other expenditure. This is considered. Dr. Masefield goes forward to direction:

Scholarly actors of very great ability and exquisite influence have not been rare in this land. In my own time there have been eight, any one of whom would have made such a theatre world-famous. Two of these are still living and well-qualified. Among the younger men, the theatregoers of this time could doubtless put forward another two. From among these four, those caring intensely, whoever they chose, would choose a good man.

A young company, an eager company (with a touring group similarly accomplished), a theatre of fine and aspiring minds, a theatre with a great programme: "Would it be too savage an extortions, too wanton a tyranny, to set aside one penny a head in each year for six years for the building, equipment and maintenance of this theatre of thanksgiving?"

The Laureate's pamphlet, on which I have not touched in detail, is true idealism. Meanwhile, no one will be more delighted than he, by Lord Esher's news. Grand National week indeed!



A PLAY WHICH CLOSED AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, ON APRIL 2, AND WAS TO BE TRANSFERRED TO THE NEW THEATRE FOR A FIVE-WEEKS SEASON ON EASTER SATURDAY: "TIME REMEMBERED," A SCENE FROM ANOUILH'S ROMANTIC COMEDY, ADAPTED AND TRANSLATED BY PATRICIA MOYES, SHOWING (L. TO R.) THE BUTLER (STRINGER DAVIS), AMANDA (MARY URE), THE HEAD WAITER (GEOFFREY DUNN) AND THE DUCHESS (MARGARET RUTHERFORD).

mentions it also. It was, by the way, to Wolfit that we owed the first public production for centuries of Ford's tragedy, "'Tis Pity She's a Whore" (was ever play of genius so grimly mocked by its title?) It has been revived lately, I observe, by John Harrison

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: NEWS EVENTS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



STOPPING WORK TO ATTEND A CEREMONY TO MARK THE STATION'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY: MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION AT MAWSON, ON FEBRUARY 13.

While the annual change-over at Mawson was in progress on February 13, the station, the nearest permanent place of habitation to the South Pole, celebrated its first anniversary. Scientists who had completed a year's tour at Mawson reached Melbourne on March 23 in the exploration ship *Kista Dan*.



UNDERGOING A REFIT AND REPAIRS IN READINESS FOR THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO DENMARK: THE BATTLESHIP JEAN BART, IN DRY-DOCK AT BREST.

The French battleship *Jean Bart* (38,750 tons—standard) is seen here in dry-dock at Brest, where she is undergoing a refit and repairs. A special suite is being prepared for the French President, M. René Coty, for his forthcoming visit to Denmark, when he will be the guest of King Frederik and Queen Ingrid.



TRYING OUT A NEW METHOD OF COMBATING FIRES IN THE NEW FOREST: KEEPERS AND FIRE-WATCHERS WITH WALKIE-TALKIE RADIO CONTROL SETS.

The New Forest authorities (Forestry Commission) have introduced new fire precaution measures by issuing walkie-talkie radio control sets to keepers and fire-watchers. These sets were tried out for the first time on March 31.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BEING TRANSFERRED FROM BRITANNIA TO H.M.S. ALBION.

On April 1 the Duke of Edinburgh reached Portsmouth in the Royal yacht *Britannia*, on his way home after witnessing combined exercises of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets in the Mediterranean. These photographs show the Duke of Edinburgh during a jackstay transfer between the Royal yacht and H.M.S. *Albion*, which was one of the ships he visited.



RETURNING TO THE ROYAL YACHT FROM H.M.S. ALBION: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ABOUT TO GO "OVER THE SIDE."



EVANS SAVES A FAST ONE DOWN THE LEG SIDE FROM TYSON: AN INCIDENT DURING THE SECOND TEST MATCH AGAINST NEW ZEALAND. THE BATSMAN IS J. R. REID.

L. Hutton's 1954-55 M.C.C. touring team ended its triumphant progress by bowling out New Zealand for 26, the lowest total in the history of Test cricket, to win the second and last Test by an innings and 20 runs, at Auckland, on March 28. England won the first Test by eight wickets.



MARCHING PAST IN THE UNIFORM OF 1760: THE MASSED BAND FORMED BY ROYAL MARINE VOLUNTEER CADETS AT H.M.S. ST. VINCENT, GOSPORT, HAMPSHIRE.

More than 250 boys from Naval and Marine training establishments took part in a ceremony of Beating Retreat at the Boys' Training Establishment, H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, at Gosport, on March 30 and 31. The Beating Retreat was performed both in modern dress and in the traditional eighteenth-century uniform.

THE INITIATION RITES OF THE BUCHWEZI SECRET SOCIETY OF NORTH-EAST TANGANYIKA: AS SEEN BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



BEFORE PASSING OVER THE SACRIFICE: MAGIC MEDICINE BEING RUBBED ON THE FEET OF AN INITIATE DURING THE INITIATION RITES.

The interesting photographs and descriptive article of the initiation rites of the Buchwezi Secret Society of north-east Tanganyika published on these pages have been contributed by MR. R. E. S. TANNER, of the Burma Frontier Service, and Colonial Administrative Service, Tanganyika. He writes as follows:

THE Sukuma tribe of pastoral agriculturists, nearly a million strong, live on the dry cultivation steppe of north-eastern Tanganyika, and have developed a large number of societies, some of which are widely known and others totally secret.

Each society is maintained by a different group of people for their specific use; such as cultivators or a group of traders; some thieves or wizards; old people, or dancers of a particular technique. These societies, depending as they do on the leadership and tuition of the older people, are very conservative, and their large membership probably slows down conversions to Christianity as many of them are banned altogether to Christians. As there are no age-initiation ceremonies among the Sukuma, almost everyone (men and women) joins one or more of these societies either by choice, because of its popularity, or because of trade

connections or family tradition, or on from his divinings. Every man's love of secrecy and exclusiveness supports and maintains these societies, which always provide mutual help in times of difficulty, as well as extra labour for members at planting and harvesting. Each one of these societies is a microcosm of the tribe's political framework, with chiefs, headmen and elders who obtain their position by election within their own group as well as by payment of a fee in beer and meat to the society for the privilege. Each society, complete in itself, is grouped in a chiefdom or parish, and the smaller groups form the base of a pyramid, the top of which is controlled by a *kingi*, a title above that of chief, brought into use after the senior chief of the Sukuma Federation had been presented with the King's Medal a few years before the last war. Most of these societies are of comparatively recent origin, and their popularity waxes and wanes in much the same way as fashions in clothing or dancing, according to the strength and character of the dominant personality who either initiates a new, or carries on an old, tradition for a society. The Buchwezi secret society, whose initiation ceremony was seen, originated outside Sukumaland and has mystic connections with water which gives it a

[Continued below.]



PASSING OVER THE PRONE BODY OF THE CHIEF INITIATOR AND THAT OF THE SACRIFICED SHEEP: AN INITIATE BEFORE GOING TO THE LAKE TO BE WASHED.



PREPARING THE SHORE OF THE LAKE FOR THE CEREMONY OF WASHING THE INITIATES: OFFICIALS OF THE BUCHWEZI SECRET SOCIETY BURYING MAGIC MEDICINES.



PREPARING TO ENTER THE LAKE IN WHICH THE INITIATES ARE WASHED: OFFICIALS OF THE SECRET SOCIETY CARRYING THE RITUAL STAFF.



TOUCHED BY EACH INITIATE AS HE OR SHE ENTERS THE LAKE FOR THE CEREMONIAL WASHING: THE SENIOR INITIATOR (*KINGI*) AND HIS WIFE, WITH A SHEEP SKIN COVERING THEIR EYES, SEATED ON THE WATER'S EDGE.

Continued. particular attraction to those living near to Lake Victoria. The society is principally concerned with ancestor propitiation and as yet has no political influence; it has many groups and there is considerable variety not only in their rites but in their code language, unintelligible to the uninitiated, according to the "school" from which the leader has obtained his own secret knowledge. It is a popular society, with thousands of members, of which only a few have sufficient money and enthusiasm to wish to rise in rank and to know the deeper secrets. The society has no distinctive dress other than a blue-and-white bead head-dress decorated with a short plume of cow hair, and a few cowrie shells, which indicate rank. The initiation ceremony itself lasted three days and was attended by about a hundred graduates and initiates, although larger numbers came later for the festivities which completed the initiation.



GATHERED IN THE WATER FOR THE CEREMONY OF RITUAL WASHING DURING WHICH THE MUD WITH WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN PLASTERED IS REMOVED: THE INITIATES AND THEIR SPONSORS CLUSTERED TOGETHER, PROTECTED BY THE MAGIC STAFF.

'It was not only the gathering of a secret society for its own rites but a social meeting as well, in which friends gathered both for the company and for the good food, and for the parents to take pride in the stoicism of their children. It served only as an initiation and gave no teaching of secret medicines or words, which could be learnt subsequently for further payments after the initial expense of twenty shillings in cash or kind. Although the symbolism of the ceremony can be explained in varying degrees by some of the older graduates, very few have any regard for it as such, and indeed no explanation is given then or later. Undoubtedly the real idea is to give the initiates an unpleasant and unforgettable time before they are admitted to the society. All Sukuma ceremonies are very haphazard affairs running on in fits and starts, with long periods of inactivity, and even muddle, while the next step is

[Continued above, centre.]

UNDERGOING DAYS OF UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES BEFORE ADMISSION : INITIATES OF THE BUCHWEZI SECRET SOCIETY.

[Continued.]

discussed and prepared. Certainly there is none of the smooth ritual of a church service, but nevertheless no one is ever bored, except perhaps the alien onlooker, who has many hours of waiting as there is no fixed schedule, and only the day and the sheep for the sacrifices are arranged in advance. In this particular rite the initiates were boys and girls of not more than twelve years of age, who were undergoing the initiation because of intractable attacks of mental or physical illness, allegedly brought on by the spirits of their ancestors who had belonged to the same society and had become malevolent because they felt neglected as none of their descendants were following in their old society. In the evening of the first day the initiates were rubbed with an aromatic paste made from pounded herbs, each one in turn sitting on a stool, while the initiators drummed and rattled near to his head, until the initiate became hysterical and fell off his stool; as most of them were young and scared, there was little resistance to the onset of these fits, and afterwards each one was carried off to recover in the ritual hut. When all the initiates had been done, the whole group were woken up and forced to dance for the remainder of the night until exhaustion caused them to collapse and to sleep where they had fallen without being allowed any covering.

In the morning a sheep was dragged out and its front hooves dipped in a magic preparation of water and flour, and then placed on the head, shoulders, stomach and legs of each initiate to gather the sickness from each individual and to transfer it into the body of the sheep. The sheep was then killed and the entrails carefully examined for some time by the elders to divine whether all would be well with the coming ceremony and its purpose of curing the children. If the signs had not been auspicious, the ceremony would have been cancelled, but it would be very rare for the elders to deprive themselves of the coming feast unless there was some additional reason. The dancing started again in the morning and continued on and off all day until the evening, when the initiates were plastered from head to foot with mud. Some of the wealthier children amongst them were decorated with imitation horns as well. The mud was kept wet and renewed from time to time during the night, which also had to be spent in the open without any covering, so that by the second morning these children were drawn and shivering with cold and hunger—a pathetic sight as they sat in a disconsolate huddle round the society's ritual staff. After some delay the second

[Continued below.]

WAITING TO BE CEREMONIALLY BATHED IN THE LAKE BEFORE ADMISSION TO MEMBERSHIP OF THE BUCHWEZI SECRET SOCIETY: A GROUP OF INITIATES.



PROTECTING THE PATH AGAINST EVIL BEFORE THE INITIATES ARE ALLOWED TO PASS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BATHING-PLACE FOR CEREMONIAL WASHING: AN OFFICIAL THROWING MAGIC MEDICINE BETWEEN HIS LEGS.



PREPARING THE WATER AGAINST EVIL BEFORE THE WASHING: OFFICIALS, WHO USE THE RITUAL STAFF AS A SPEAR TO AFFORD PROTECTION FROM CROCODILES.



SHOWING THE MUD WITH WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN PLASTERED: A GROUP OF YOUNG BOY AND GIRL INITIATES ABOUT TO ENTER THE WATER FOR WASHING.

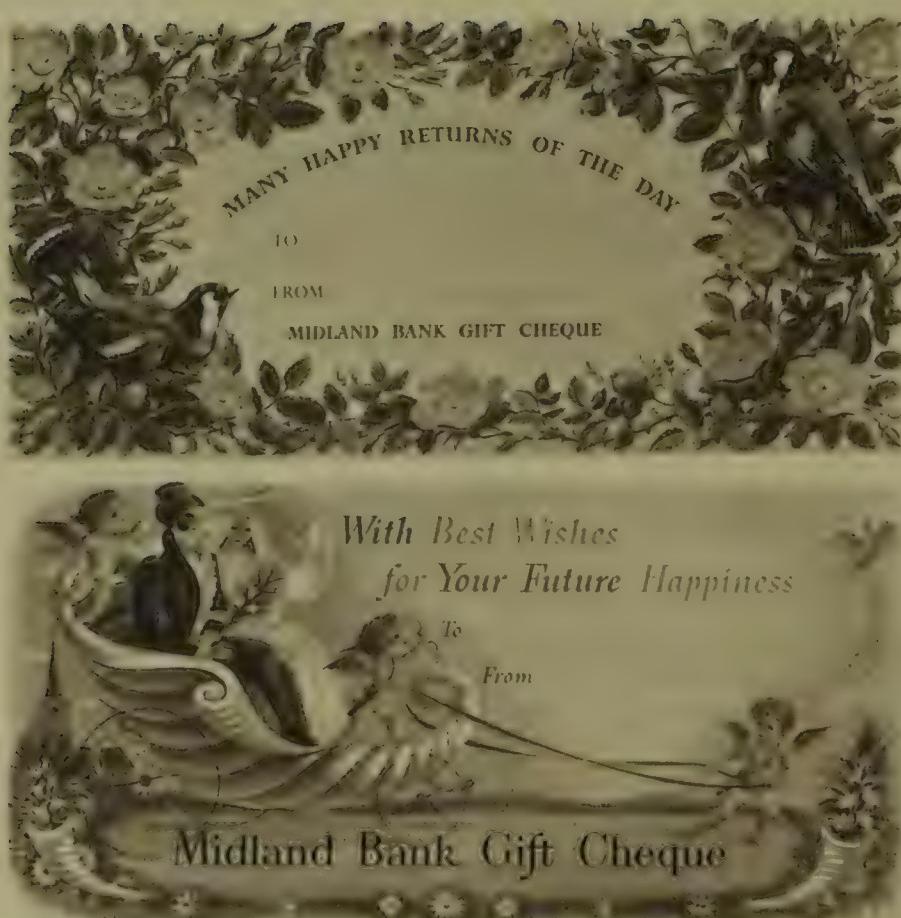


SUPERVISING THE MAGICAL PREPARATIONS FOR GIVING OUT THE INSIGNIA OF THE SOCIETY: THE KINGI, WITH (RIGHT) INITIATES MOVING BACKWARDS OUT OF THE WATER.



TOUCHING THE INSIGNIA OF THE BUCHWEZI SECRET SOCIETY, WATCHED BY THE KINGI: INITIATES BEFORE LEAVING THE WATER IN WHICH THEY HAD BEEN WASHED.

[Continued.]
sheep was dragged out to the gate of the compound, and its spleen cut out while it was still alive and hung on the ritual staff which was being carried about to wherever the main action was taking place. Each initiate then jumped forwards, backwards and then forwards again over the body of the sheep with the chief initiator lying beside it. Everyone then ran to the lake shore for the final phase. When they arrived, the water and the shore were protected from all forms of evil by the burial of a magic medicine in the beach and the scattering in all directions of twigs from a magically-endowed tree. A group of initiators then entered the water with the ritual staff and, using it as a spear, symbolically protected the bathing-place from crocodiles. The senior initiator and his wife sat on the shore, huddled under a sheep skin covering their eyes as the initiates went into the water, each touching him on the right side as they passed into the water, where they washed the mud off their bodies, helped by their relatives, who had followed them into the water. When they were all clean, everyone moved backwards out of the water chanting loudly, and on reaching the bank, the initiates, shivering with cold, were made to touch some of the society's amulets and head-dresses. Everyone then ran back to the initiator's compound, where the initiates were decorated with red ochre and white lime spots and told that they must not be washed off for at least a fortnight. After this came the dance of celebration in which the distinctive feature is a group of men lying on their backs and working their way along the ground while beating drums held between their knees. The magic medicine used by this society was made up of many ingredients, such as pieces from the throats of lion, leopard and hyena, so that members will inspire fear; splinters from a tree which has been struck by lightning, to cause hidden enemies to be killed; parts of a night adder, so that they may move secretly; and parts of a puppy which has not yet opened its eyes to insure secrecy, and many other things with equally symbolic power. All these ingredients were burnt into ashes and mixed with butter so as to make a paste which could be rubbed on those taking part, as well as for use on the ritual staff.



GIFT CHEQUES IN FULL COLOUR FOR BIRTHDAY (ABOVE) AND WEDDING (BELOW) PRESENTS: A NEW SERVICE INAUGURATED BY THE MIDLAND BANK.

As from April 6, the Midland Bank Ltd. were to introduce special cheque forms for gift occasions. Both the cheque and its folder carry pleasing designs in full colour by leading artists; and there are three types available for, respectively, birthdays, weddings, and general occasions.



THE NEW GERMAN AIR-MAIL STAMPS, WHICH MARKED THE RETURN OF THE LUFTHANSA TO THE AIR ON APRIL 1, WITH FLIGHTS BETWEEN MUNICH AND HAMBURG.

On April 1 the German Lufthansa airline began operations for the first time since the war, operating four American Convairs, with German crews and British pilots. The new air-mail stamps are in pfennigs: 5 (lilac and black), 10 (green and black), 15 (blue and black), 20 (red and black).



THE LATIN PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM OPENING A NEW ROAD TO THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES, THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

On March 24 a new road to the Mount of Beatitudes, on the north shore of the Sea of Galilee, was opened. Our photograph shows (left to right; by the ribbon) the Patriarchal Vicar of Galilee, the Israel Minister of Industry, the Latin Patriarch (cutting the ribbon), and the Italian Ambassador to Israel (holding the ribbon).

GIFT CHEQUES IN FULL COLOUR, AND OTHER NEWS IN PICTURES FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



FITTED OUT AS A FLYING METEOROLOGICAL LABORATORY: A SPECIALLY-EQUIPPED D.C.4, WHICH IS MANAGED BY SCIENTISTS OF THE U.S. NAVAL RESEARCH LABORATORY. This specially-equipped aircraft carries a 15-ft.-long retractable antenna mast on its back and four radar "pods" fitted below the wings. It is being used as a high-altitude laboratory or mobile weather station for the study of the electronics of the weather.



H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITING THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE ROOMS OF THE NEW GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL AT HITCHIN, WHICH SHE OPENED.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother opened the High School for Girls at Hitchin. The school is designed for 620 pupils and is the first secondary modern school to be built by Hertfordshire County Council since the Education Act of 1944; and it embodies many modern features.



AN UNUSUAL FEATURE FOR A MODERN CARGO VESSEL: THE SAUNA, OR FINNISH STEAM BATH, IN THE S.S. PAMILLO, WHICH HAS INAUGURATED A NEW REGULAR SERVICE.

On March 25 a reception, attended by the Finnish Ambassador, was held in London in the new Finnish cargo-ship *Pamilo* (2312 tons) to mark the beginning of a new regular service between England and Finland. A feature of Finnish ships is the sauna, or steam bath, for officers and crew. The *Pamilo* carries no passengers and has a crew of twenty-seven, including four women.



IN COSTUMES OF THE SOFIA DISTRICT: TWO SINGERS OF THE BULGARIAN COMPANY VISITING LONDON.



PLAYING THE GAIDA, THE CHARACTERISTIC BULGARIAN BAGPIPE: STOYAN DOBREV.



THREE GIRL SINGERS OF THE BULGARIAN STATE SONG AND DANCE COMPANY—IN COSTUMES OF THE PERIN DISTRICT.



A SCENE FROM THE "POTTER HORO," A ROUND DANCE CENTRING ON A POTTER, HIS APPRENTICE AND A LARGE, BOTTOMLESS POT IN WHICH THE APPRENTICE HIDES.



PART OF THE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA (IN COSTUMES OF THE KUSTENDIL DISTRICT) OF THE BULGARIAN COMPANY. THE COMPANY WAS RECRUITED BY COMPETITION.



FROM THE "SHOP DANCE SUITE," ONE OF THE ITEMS IN THE REPERTORY OF THE BULGARIAN STATE SONG AND DANCE COMPANY VISITING LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME.

MAKING ITS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THIS COUNTRY: THE BULGARIAN STATE SONG AND DANCE COMPANY.

On Easter Monday, April 11, a Bulgarian company of singers and dancers is due to open in London at the Winter Garden Theatre for a three-weeks' season; and it is believed that this is the first time a Bulgarian Company has appeared in this country. The company—called the Bulgarian State Song and Dance Company—was formed in March 1951, its creator and present director being the Bulgarian composer, Philip Koutev, the choreographer Mme. Marguerite Dikova. Although the company has appeared in many Iron Curtain countries,

receiving Laureate awards at Bucharest in 1953 and Prague in 1954, it is thought that its only Western European appearance before the forthcoming London appearance is the Paris run which it has just concluded. The Company has been recruited by competition from all over Bulgaria; and its programme is national in character, all the songs being in Bulgar, except two English songs, which they have been rehearsing in Paris. The orchestral instruments used are the *gadouika*, or *rebeck*, the *gaida*, or bagpipe, lutes, flutes, and the *tupan*, a type of drum.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK: DIVERS PLAYING WITH DOLPHINS, TACKLING SHARKS



THE MARINE-RUSH HOUR: A DIVER LANDS ON THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF THE TWO LARGE GLAZED TANKS WITH FOOD FOR THE MARINELAND RESIDENTS.



BEING "DIVE-BOMBED" BY TWO PLAYFUL DOLPHINS: A DIVER AT THE "MARINELAND OF THE PACIFIC," WITH TWO 350-LB. COMEDIANS.



AS EAGER TO PLAY AS ANY PUPPY: A DOLPHIN TAKING A RUBBER BALL FROM A DIVER DURING A GAME WHICH DELIGHTS DOLPHIN, DIVER AND ONLOOKERS.



FISH, DOLPHIN OR DIVER? MR. TINSLEY PRESENTS AN UNUSUAL SPECTACLE AS HE MOVES THROUGH THE TANK WITH, JUST BELOW HIM, A RAY.

In *The Illustrated London News* of November 20, 1954, we reproduced a series of photographs taken at the world's largest aquarium—"Marineland of the Pacific," situated on the Portuguese Bend of the Palos Verdes Peninsula, near Hollywood, in California. On these pages we show some more scenes in this great aquarium, which consists of two large tanks, each filled with about 500,000 gallons of water drawn from the near-by Pacific. The "Marineland of the Pacific" differs from most other

AND FEEDING FISH IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST AQUARIUM IN CALIFORNIA.



BEING KNOCKED FOR SIX BY A GREAT BLUE SHARK: DIVER TINSLEY LOSES HIS BALANCE DURING A STRUGGLE TO FEED THE FISH.



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK FOR A DIVER IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST AQUARIUM: MR. JACOBS ABOUT TO FEED A RAY DURING ONE OF SIX DAILY UNDERWATER JOURNEYS.



JUST PART OF THE DIVER'S JOB: MR. TINSLEY TACKLING A GREAT BLUE SHARK BEFORE TRYING TO PUSH A MACKEREL INTO ITS MOUTH.



THE ACTUAL FEEDING OF THE RELUCTANT SHARK: A DIVER FORCING THE MONSTER'S MOUTH OPEN BEFORE PUSHING A MACKEREL INTO IT.

The activities in "Marineland" are watched daily by thousands of visitors, who can sit in comfort while they view the fascinating scene through large plate-glass windows. The most popular marine stars are the varieties of dolphins, commonly called porpoises in the U.S.A., which live in one tank 60 ft. in diameter and 22 ft. deep. These mammals are as playful as puppies and display amazing intelligence, and delight in performing for the amusement of their audience. Sometimes the sharks refuse to

eat in captivity, possibly because of the copper sulphate which has to be put in the water to kill algae, then the divers (as can be seen in these photographs) have to catch them and forcibly open their jaws and push mackerel down their throats. For this forcible feeding the divers use wire-mesh gloves to protect their hands from the sharks' razor-like teeth. The second of the two huge tanks in the aquarium is oval and measures 100 ft. by 50 ft. and has a constant flow of 500,000 gallons of heated sea-water.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE device of convolution—of narrative with one thread up to date, in a whole arabesque of time-levels and interlocking flashbacks—is a peculiarly American technique. And also an American skill; in this country we can't approach it. Yet, even so, the smooth, bland, complex, overall obliquity of "Pompey's Head," by Hamilton Bass (Collins; 15s.), is in a class by itself.

Anson is in his fortieth year: a New York lawyer, who has become a partner in the firm, and has a wife and two children. From that niche he will never move. Yet he remains a "Pawnee among the Crows," or, as his wife describes it, a lapsed Southerner.

Among the clients of Anson's firm is John Duncan, the publisher; and Duncan's literary trump is Garvin Wales, the Grand Old Man of American fiction. He was a vagrant genius from Alabama, who made a smash-hit in the squally-ferocious line, married a high-born Southern beauty, and in the last few years has gone blind and been lost to view. His wife made him drop everyone; even his best friend Phillip Greene, who was Duncan's editor-in-chief. Now Greene has died; and Lucy Wales accuses him of wholesale theft from her husband's royalties, over a period of twenty-odd years. This can't be true; and yet the evidence is there, and Greene paid the same total to one "Anna Jones" over exactly the same period. Wales, and he only, must know why—if only someone can get at him, and bring him to defy his wife. They are immured on Tamburlane island, twelve miles from Pompey's Head; and on this business, Anson returns to his native south.

In fact, we meet him on the train, just getting out. But it is still a long way round; and his immediate errand fades to the short, last lap of the whole story. First, we unravel all his years—and not by any means in sequence. Everything comes pell-mell: segment on segment. As he himself observes, "The tangle of memory is like a bundle of fishhooks." Meanwhile, he is re-viewing old haunts; and after that, learning what has become of everyone; and only last of all, coping with Tamburlane and "Anna Jones." That part is really an excrescence; but we can guess the answer will be deeply Southern—"Shinto" tradition at its worst. And so it proves; it is a dark, ferocious, condensed version of the basic theme. Thus, the main flow is purged, and is not only broad and intricate, but sympathetic and appealing.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Kiss of Kin," by Mary Lee Settle (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), also presents a Southern drama: but in a much more terse and squalid and dramatic form. It covers one day at the "Passmore place"—a rather shabby farmhouse "way out in the backwoods." Grandma is just being laid to rest; and the house swarms with kin, and throbs with heat, hysteria and expectation. The surviving family are a poor lot; one or two "youngins"—and, for the rest, a gaggle of odd women, who have "come home to roost" because they couldn't manage their own lives. Mary Lee's girl will be the next; she has hooked on to the wrong man—a Jewish "genius" with a wife, no money, and a chip on his shoulder. And Mary Lee guesses they are not married.... Yet he would come, to hear the will; everyone pants to hear the will. And, says A'nt Elemere, the coloured cook, "I know them legal talks. They doesn't end up till ever'body's teeth is in ever'body else's neck...."

And now there is a new ingredient. Abraham Passmore has walked in. Worse, he was sent for; he has been remembered! And he intends to wreck the house; to plumb the old ill-use of his mother and avenge her wrong. Thus there are two lines of suspense: how Grandma has disposed of the property, and what the exiled cousin will find out. And as A'nt Elemere foresaw, the day blows up to a crescendo of flying feathers, mutual recriminations and indecent exposure. It is a brilliant piece of work: more commonplace in theme than "The Love Eaters" (which I thought overpraised), but infinitely more dynamic. There is a happy ending, too; and a first-rate, though unattractive, little boy.

"Loser Takes All," by Graham Greene (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is sub-headed an "entertainment," and then re-emphasised as a "frivolity." So we have no excuse for misunderstanding. And the narrator is allowed to be divorced (from a "bad woman," rather unprettily called Dirty by his second choice) and to seek happiness in a new match. He is a humble assistant accountant, in a mammoth firm; and they were going to spend the honeymoon in Bournemouth. Bertram, however, happened to get a summons to the eighth floor—and the Olympian "Gom" switched everything to Monte Carlo, where he is to pick them up in his yacht. A suite has been reserved at the hotel, and they are duly married: but no Gom. Soon they are broke, stuck, facing gaol; but their romance is still intact, till Bertram lights on an infallible system. Then he begins to "work" all day, evolves the vices of a parvenu at lightning speed, studies a deep revenge upon the Gom—and loses Cary to a hungrier type. Then comes the yacht, repentance and recovery. The small plot is a perfect *soufflé*; but the gay, cosy chat struck me as rather below par.

"A Corpse of the Old School," by Jack Iams (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), features a "kidnapping" at Valley-side, Connecticut. The school is hardly "quite"; but Tallery, though a precocious, horrid little boy, is, for some reason, an especial prize. He was the object of the coup; but his nice room-mate Timmy, and one of the masters, have likewise disappeared. The Head being solely occupied with Tallery and reputation, it is left to the shy, awkward Angus Waddell, out of his own head, to contact Timmy's people. That is, a grown-up, charming, taxi-driving sister, who comes from Riverside, Ohio, and has turned for help to an old friend, the society editor of the local paper. Her Mrs. Pickett is the real sleuth—very amusing, too; while Mr. Flock, in the employ of Tallery's trustees, provides another kind of fun. The tale is lively and agreeable, rather than thrilling; but it is full of quirks and of romance.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE WILD VICISSITUDES OF TASTE.

I FEAR that while as a dancer I like "swing," the capacity for appreciating jazz—whether "classical" or merely bedlamick—has passed me by. I have done my best. I have been taken by knowledgeable friends to hear "concerts" (if that is not too old-fashioned a term: the correct one at the moment escapes me), but have come away with singing in the ears and a mild sense of wonderment that so many hysterical members of the younger generation can have escaped the net of the approved schools. The defect, I fear, must be in me. There are many whose judgment in questions of taste I value who seem genuinely fond of the stuff. I, alas! am left merely with delighted appreciation of the names of the principal practitioners, such as Messrs. "Bix" Beidebecker, "Miff" Mole and "Jellyroll" Morton. Nevertheless, tasteless ignoramus that I am, I must confess that

I have often extracted pleasure from the music of Mr. Louis Armstrong, who was once curiously described to me as "the Pope of Jazz." This gentleman, like so many of the greatest practitioners, comes from New Orleans, the *locus classicus* of jazz. Judging from Mr. Louis Armstrong's account of it in his youth (and, indeed, his maturity), which appears in "Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans" (Davies; 12s. 6d.), life there seems to have been like that of man in Hobbes's "Leviathan," "poor, nasty, brutish and short." The Armstrong family lived in the most over-populated and one of the least desirable portions of the town. But for Mr. Armstrong his youth was illuminated by two things, the peculiar spontaneous music of the Negro and his love for his mother. It is, as might be expected, a somewhat naïve book. Nevertheless, if you like jazz, if you are interested in an aspect of American civilisation which has so large an effect on the younger generation, you will find this book of considerable interest.

A most interesting book on that civilisation is "The Taste-Makers," by Russell Lynes (Hamish Hamilton; 30s.), which is a history and analysis of American taste from the early years, after Independence was achieved, to the present day. Says Mr. Lynes: "The making of taste in America is, in fact, a major industry. Is there any other place that you can think of where there are so many professionals telling so many non-professionals what their taste should be? Is there any country which has as many magazines as we have, devoted to telling people how they should decorate their homes, clothe their bodies, and deport themselves in company? And so many newspaper columns full of hints about what is good taste and what is bad taste? In the last century and a quarter the purveying of taste in America has become big business, employing hundreds of thousands of people in editorial and advertising offices, in printing plants, in galleries and museums, in shops and consultants' offices. If the taste industry were to go out of business we would have a major depression, and there would be breadlines of taste-makers as far as the eye could see." However, as Mr. Lynes points out, this is not a catastrophe which is likely to overcome the United States, because "the taste industry has gradually become essential to the operation of our American brand of capitalism. It is in the nature of our economic system not merely to meet demand but to create it." Mr. Lynes dates the growth of modern American mass taste from the election of Andrew Jackson in 1828—the results of which so upset Mrs. Frances Trollope, the author of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," who felt, during her three years' stay in the States, that America would never become a civilised nation until it repudiated Thomas Jefferson's "mischievous sophistry" that all men were born free and equal. Nevertheless, as Mr. Lynes rightly points out, American taste has developed a vigorous and distinctive culture of its own, not looking back so much to European standards as glorifying the rugged independence of Americans themselves. This book is admirably illustrated and written with good humour and gentle irony, and can be strongly recommended to those who wish to study and understand America.

Pleasantly ironical, too, is the style of Fritz Mendax, the author of "Art Fakes and Forgeries" (Werner Laurie; 18s.). The world of art has always been a happy hunting-ground for the forger and faker from Roman times to the remarkable Van Meegeren in our own times. (I once heard a certain English town libelled by somebody who described its industry as being that of "putting the wormholes into genuine antiques.") All of us, I suppose, take a naughty delight in seeing the experts taken down a peg or two, and from many pages of this book the faces of the experts are made to look from time to time very red indeed. Dürer seems to have been particularly susceptible to faking, though, perhaps because of the reproduction shown. Marcantonio Raimondi's fake of the version of the woodcut "Noli Me Tangere" does not seem to be a great deception, any more than O. Wacker's forgery of Van Gogh's "Reaper In A Cornfield." The translation by H. S. Whitman is extremely adequate and the line drawings are interesting and amusing. At the end of it all, Herr Mendax (surely a pseudonym?) asks: "Is there no infallible means of protection against forgers?" and comes to the

conclusion that there is not. On the whole, one has a sneaking desire that there never shall be, if only it will allow ingenious artists to go on pulling the legs of the great and the self-opinionated.

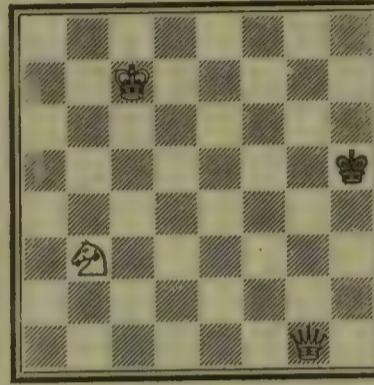
A most agreeable travel book is "The World Before Us," by Lennox Cook (Collins; 15s.). This is a description of a journey round the world undertaken (happy man!) in a fit of boredom on the part of the author. The journey was made with a pleasant companion on a motor-bicycle, and their adventures in four continents are told with humour, perceptiveness and gusto. There are so many books by travel writers these days, that it is difficult to find something new, either in subject or approach, but Mr. Cook happily achieves this feat.

For the motorist and traveller in these islands, I recommend the latest of the Shell Guides, "Devon," by Brian Watson (Faber; 12s. 6d.). This guide was originally designed by Mr. John Betjeman and, as a result, bears the stamp of his puckish sense of humour. It is difficult to believe so much practical information could be so pleasantly presented.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



White to play and mate on his third move, however Black replies.

THIS dainty miniature (of miniatures—only four men all told!) is not difficult; but I doubt whether many readers will accomplish such a *tour de force* as D. V. Hooper, Surrey champion and British Championship contender, to whom I showed it when he visited me recently. Nor do I think even he could repeat the performance very often, given a task of equal difficulty. He gazed casually at the position for certainly not more than thirty seconds, then said, "The solution must be _____. Sure enough it was "_____; though "_____" it shall remain, until you have had a shot at finding it for yourself before seeking below.

The composer of this problem, T. R. Dawson, departed us a year or two ago, unchallenged world champion of problem chess. The bewildering variety of his creations gave him a stature in his own field comparable to that of Botvinnik in straight chess to-day. His powers of mental visualisation were amazing. In fact, the above problem, being one of his least complex, was unquestionably composed without recourse to board and men at all. Possibly whilst strolling along a busy street, or when a board meeting became more than normally boring, he would fall into abstraction, jotting down quietly a few minutes later a new problem which would be welcomed by any chess magazine or newspaper column in the world, and probably confound the majority of its solvers.

The germ idea of such a problem as the above; its working-up into a set position; trial of several such positions to find one in which the aim could not be achieved in any other way—all this Dawson accomplished as quickly and as accurately in his mind's eye as moving the pieces about on the board.

Few of Dawson's problems were confined to orthodox chess. They wandered into rarefied realms where the board doubled back on itself, or strange new pieces came into existence, or players had to make the longest possible move, or the weights of the men came into the equation, or the game went backwards instead of forwards.

My most staggering revelation of Dawson's powers came whilst preparing my M.Sc. thesis. In the Chemical Society's "Annual Reports," under the name of this same T. R. Dawson, I found a masterly review of the chemistry of synthetic rubber: so incredibly intricate a field that one could hardly conceive one of the world's leading experts in it to have a moment for anything else.

The problem seems to be solved by 1. Kt-B5; the second move is also by the knight and selected so that Black is forced to wander into mate on one of four equally doomed squares.

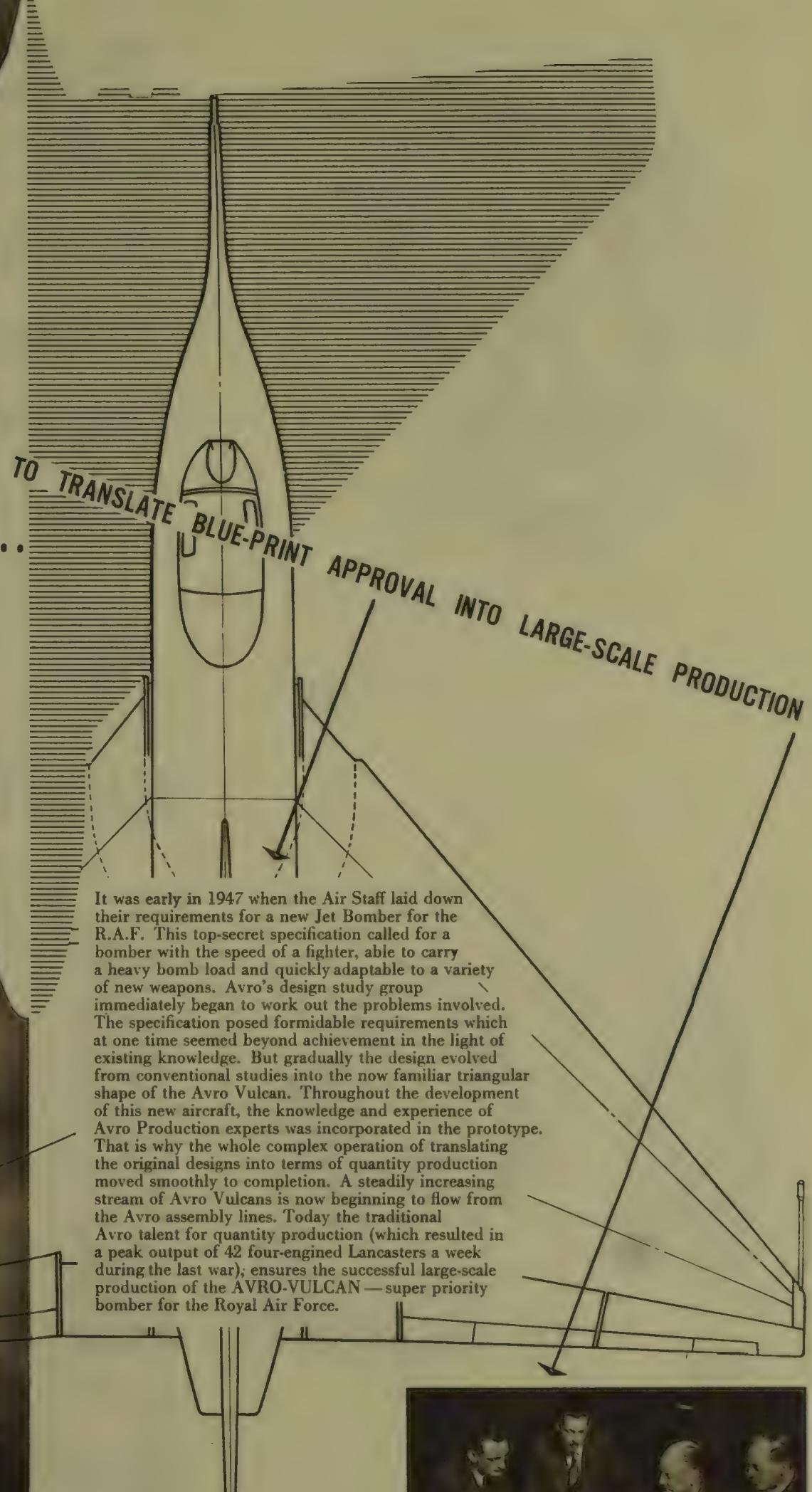
conclusion that there is not. On the whole, one has a sneaking desire that there never shall be, if only it will allow ingenious artists to go on pulling the legs of the great and the self-opinionated.

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E. D. O'BRIEN.

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Above is an actual photograph of an Avro Design Team studying a scale model of a research delta prototype. Throughout the development of the Avro Vulcan close co-operation between design and production engineers resulted in sound, practical solutions to production problems as they arose.



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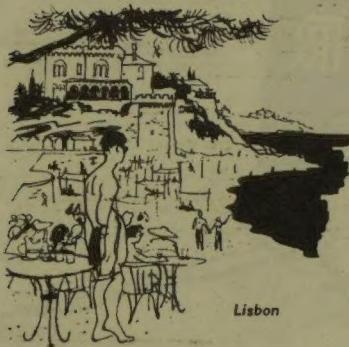


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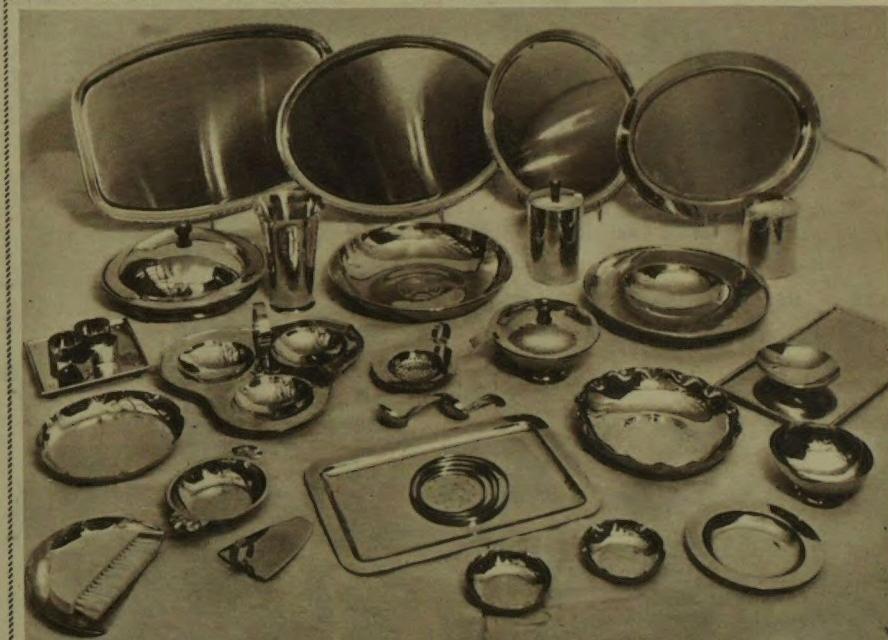


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